

## Danger is a color I can't see

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## Danger is a color I can't see

by [seryters](#)

### Summary

So, let George get this straight.

How is it that the co-captain of the football team, heartthrob of the university, and literal cause of George's villain origin story, is also a vampire? In what world is that fair!

### Notes

Just letting you know that this is nearly 34k words of just brainrot. I don't blame you for clicking away. It is... a lot.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George considers himself a fair person. He returns kindness to those who are nice to him and returns bitterness to those who are mean to him. Being overly nice to everyone is boring, he doesn't know how Karl does it, and being mean all the time is exhausting, he doesn't know how Alex does it. A middle ground is reasonable, it's possible, and it's George.

He doesn't mean to jab at his friends, of course. They're both amazing, although George would rather be found dead than caught saying that out loud. Their personalities suit them very much and

George isn't exaggerating when he says that everyone in their university likes them. Karl will argue that *actually* everyone likes *George*, but they all know that isn't the case because of the one, very obvious exception.

"Ten o'clock," Karl mumbles loud enough for only the three of them to hear before taking a bite out of his apple.

They're currently sitting at the only table in the courtyard that's blessed with shade. *Their* table. Obviously everyone wants it because who would purposely choose to bake underneath the sun, but nobody is willing to fight them for it. That's signing up for public ridicule—practically equivalent to writing a 'kick me' sign and putting it on your own back.

"Ugh," George can't help himself from groaning when he notices what Karl's talking about.

The table diagonally left from theirs gets surrounded by a flock of boys all sporting the same, stupid letterman jacket. ' *So 2010* ', George thinks to himself. He watches as two scrawny underclassmen boys scurry from the scene, freeing the table for the football team to claim. There's immediate ruckus as the jocks get comfortable and George dreads the loss of serenity.

"They've been sitting here more often," Alex says, sounding curious, and George glares at him.

"This is *your* fault," he hisses and then turns to face Karl. "And yours. It's both your faults. If you hadn't started talking to Number 1, we wouldn't be here. He probably thinks you guys are friends—or worse, he thinks you guys are *hitting* on him."

"Well, to be fair," Karl begins and George cuts him off by grabbing his wrist and shoving his apple back in his face. "Ow, okay. I was joking!"

Number 1, Sapnap (ridiculous fucking name if you ask George), turns around to grab something from his duffel bag and catches the three of them looking at him. His hand goes up to wave at them enthusiastically, eyes lighting up as if it were Christmas Day, but George only returns a bored gaze. Karl and Alex, however, wave eagerly. Traitors.

"I'll remember this betrayal," George huffs, stabbing a strawberry on his tray with his fork and shoving it into his mouth.

“I don’t get why you hate Sap,” Alex sighs and George almost chokes on the fruit in his mouth.

“Excuse me? *Sap*? You guys are close enough for nicknames now?”

“I—what? Listen,” Alex rolls his eyes, slinging an arm around George even though he knows the older boy will shrug it off. “What I’m trying to say is: Sapnap’s a nice guy! You’d like him. I know he’s friends with.. what’s his name?”

Alex is clearly joking. Of course he knows *the* name. He just wants George’s skin to crawl while saying it. George doesn’t take the bait though.

“Twenty three,” George grumbles and it earns him a nudge on the arm from Karl. He shoots Karl a bewildered look. “What?”

“He has a name,” Karl chides playfully and George scowls. “It’s Dream.”

Again, George knows this. He knows the names of almost all the jocks at that table. It’s hard not to when the only thing that cures his boredom is gossip and gossip almost *always* involves a member of the football team. *Especially* Dream. There’s a new rumor, a new scandal, a new everything and anything surrounding him every week. This week, it’s a little repetitive: he slept with the captain of the cheer team again. The reason everyone’s still talking about it though, other than the fact that they’re both popular and good looking, is because apparently they did it underneath the bleachers.

This feud has also taken place for eons, so George has had plenty of time to learn enough about Dream. Maybe even more than he wants to.

“Right! You can’t hate him by association, George,” Alex explains, placing his hands on his hips like a disappointed mother would. “Besides, you’re acting like Sapnap’s friends with a murderer. It’s just Dream!”

“What’s just me?”

Speak of the Devil. Standing in front of them are the two boys they were talking about: Sapnap and Dream. Sapnap looks thrilled to be there, almost jumping out of his body to greet them, and Dream looks like he’d rather be cleaning cat litter. George is sure that his face mirrors that same expression of dread, brooding eyes repelling any form of human interaction, but can you blame

him? If you couldn't already tell, him and Dream aren't exactly the best of friends.

"Dream, Sapnap!" Karl chirps happily, completely avoiding Dream's question and inviting them to sit down at their table with a simple hand gesture. "What's up?"

The table shakes as the two football players take their seat and George groans audibly, irritated by the slight jostle. He knows that there's nothing Dream and Sapnap can do about the situation, but that doesn't make it any less annoying. Normally, he would suck it up, but the fact that it's Dream—not so much Sapnap because he supposes Alex is right and he does hate the boy out of association—is enough to elicit a reaction out of George.

"Sorry, princess, did that bother you?" Dream scoffs and George snaps his head up to glare at the blonde. "Next time, I'll be sure to bend the laws of physics for you."

George purses his lips into a thin line, grip tightening around his fork. "Make sure to bend the laws of the state too, so that I can take this fork and shove it up your—"

"Okay! Hold your horses people!" Alex interrupts, forming a 'T' with his hands to signal a timeout. He gives George a look that has the Brit rolling his eyes; it's a silent plea for him to quiet down and let 'bygones be bygones'. Whatever the hell that means. "Why'd you guys come over?"

"Just wanted to say hi," Sapnap replies with an easy smile. George gags when he sees the way his eyes trail towards Karl and almost form to the shape of hearts on the spot. "Dragged Dream with me because I was nervous to come alone."

*Well, maybe you should've just kept your arse over there then.*

George tries to seem disinterested, plopping another strawberry in his mouth and staring off to the right of the table. Two girls are splayed out on the hill, enjoying the warmth of the sun as they giggle about something amongst themselves. They look peaceful, not a care in the world, and George longs to be like them. In his own world, unbothered, and away from the headache that is Dream.

Speaking of Dream, George can *feel* the co-captain watching him. Dream rolls his eyes, knowing very well that George is 'busying' himself to be petty, and George frowns because how *dare* he? If anything, George should be the one rolling his eyes because Dream was in *his* territory, had invaded *his* personal space, and—

“What is it now, your highness?” Dream sneers at George and George exhales through his nose. They both know what’s got George in a sour mood, so there’s no reason for Dream to ask, but of course he does because he’s just that insufferable.

This is what George never gets. It’s clear that neither of them enjoy the other’s presence, so why does Dream always go out of his way to start something when George is doing very well by just pretending the stupid beanstalk doesn’t exist?

Earlier in the year, Dream had requested a transfer of seats in Chemistry because he didn’t want to be George’s partner. George had also planned to do so, but Dream had beat him to it, not that he cared. So long as he was away from Dream, he was satisfied. However, as soon as they switched seats, Dream had begun to throw things at the back of George’s head whenever the professor wasn’t looking. Paper balls, erasers, pens; one time, it had been a paper airplane that got stuck in George’s hair and George hadn’t even noticed until the next period when Karl was kind enough to pull it out for him.

“Aw,” George coos, clasping his hands together and pouting at the taller boy. “Do you want my attention that badly, Dreamie? You could’ve just asked, you know?”

The other three boys at the table are no longer paying any attention to the bickering duo. This is partly because they’re far too used to it and partly because they’re engrossed in their conversation about some horror movie that just came out. George is pretty sure they have plans to watch the movie together which surprises him because he knows for a fact that Karl jumps out of his skin at everything and Alex is way too critical of horror movies to enjoy them.

“That’s cute,” Dream hums, pressing his cheek against his palm and raising an eyebrow at George. “You act like you’re not always staring at me anyway.”

George’s left eye twitches. That’s false. He *hardly* ever has his eyes on Dream because why would he occupy himself by ogling at the living menace. Sure, objectively speaking, Dream is attractive, anyone with a functioning eye can see that. However, that’s where the charms end because God if he’s not Satan reincarnated, nobody is.

The only reason Dream is boldly lying to his face is because of that one god forsaken day Karl and Alex had dragged George to watch a football game with them. His eyes had been on his phone the entire time except for the last five minutes when everyone was on their feet, waving their arms around, and screaming at the top of their lungs, making it nearly impossible for George to finish rewatching an episode of ‘The Office’. He decided to try and see the appeal of the game and almost instantaneously, he was hooked on the twenty three plastered across his rival’s jersey. At

any other time, George would've immediately looked away, but something compelled him to keep staring as Dream ran across the field and scored the last touchdown. Opponents had flung themselves at him, but Dream kept at his inhumane speed, avoiding tackles with ease and shrugging off players that were lucky enough to catch him.

George had meant to stop staring, but he couldn't.

Dream was definitely known as one of the star athletes in their university for a reason, George is not petty enough to refuse giving credit where it's due, and as the rest of the football team lifted Dream in some grand display of triumph, the boy had taken off his helmet to flash a winning smile at the cameras lined up to take his picture.

And that's when he had seen him.

That's when he had seen George, through the huge crowd, and George wasn't quick enough to look away. Dream's grin had turned into a cocky smirk, one hand running through his messy, dirty blonde curls, and he had the audacity to wink in George's direction before George had stomped off.

"Oh, please," George scoffs, folding his arms over his chest. He knows he sounds petulant, but it's hard not to be when the same person always refuses to take the hint and is getting on your nerves for the umpteenth time. "My eyes would've shriveled up and fell out of my head by now if that were the case."

Now that makes Dream laugh and George narrows his eyes because he had meant for the comment to be insulting, not humorous. Unfortunately, Dream's ego is the size of a boulder and as immovable as one. Alex had once said something along the lines of "it's because he's a leo" way back in the freshman year of high school and George had refused to get involved with a leo since then. He doesn't know jackshit about astrology, so this should put into perspective their hatred for one another and how long it's been this way.

"Are you implying that I'm ugly?" Dream asks, shrugging off his jacket and laying it across his lap so that he can obnoxiously show off the toned muscle of his arms.

The t-shirt he's wearing fits him snugly and it's in black which—as much as George doesn't want to admit it—is very much Dream's color. George can also see Dream's necklace much more clearly now and it's the same one he always wears: silver chain, dark gray pendant (which is actually ruby, or so he remembers Dream flaunting) with a detailed sword that pierces through. It's mesmerizing and George thinks he would make much better use of it than Dream because Dream

hardly ever pairs it right.

“Your words, not mine,” George replies sweetly, leaning in a little closer to dare Dream to say something back.

“Oh, come on now. We both know that’s not true, Georgie,” Dream shakes his head and then pushes himself closer as well. George is suddenly full of regret, but his dignity refuses to allow him to pull away first. “Imagine if I told you that you weren’t pretty. You’d find it ridiculous too, wouldn’t you?” Dream whispers and George doesn’t trust the smirk that’s creeping onto his face. “Makes me wonder when you’re at your prettiest, but I have a good hunch.”

Fire burns in the form of rage inside of George as he glares at Dream with murderous intent. Never in his life has he met anyone as infuriating as Dream. Dream has been pushing his buttons since middle school and George doesn’t know why. The start to their rivalry was a big question mark, but the reason it bothers George as much as it does is because it has been this way for *years*. Dream was essentially the reason George had made a promise that from highschool onwards, he would carry himself in such a way, nobody would dare make fun of him and those that did would regret it. His resentment for Dream had grown over the years and Dream had become affiliated with the school athletes which only made him all the more unbearable because—well, you know how jocks are.

“What is wrong with you?!” George tosses his arms in the air in disbelief which is a fatal mistake because he knocks Alex’s water bottle out of his hands. The water flies out of the container and hits George on his chest, completely drenching the front part of his shirt.

“Dude!” Alex shouts, standing up immediately so that he doesn’t get his clothes wet as well. “Holy shit.”

George balls his hands into fists, refusing to move in case the water slides somewhere uncomfortable. “Give me the napkins,” he says, voice leveled. “Now.”

Both Alex and Karl rush to give him their napkins and George uses them, one after the other, to dab his shirt until all the excess water is taken care of. It had been a horrible decision to wear a pink shirt today because the water stain is very visible and it looks like George had just sweat his body into dehydration.

“I can go back to the dorm and grab you a new shirt if you want,” Alex offers, feeling guilty even if the ordeal wasn’t his fault.

George shakes his head, twisting his shirt to the side and trying to squeeze out some of the water. "It's fine. The dorm is too far and it'll dry up. It was my fault anyway, sorry."

"Wow," Dream snickers, finally done with the laughing fit he had been in the entire time George was trying to clean himself up. "I think that's the first time I've heard you admit you were wrong *and* apologize."

Before George can tell Dream to mind his own business, Karl's alarm goes off, signaling that his next class is about to start. It's the only class he shares with Alex, just to add onto George's luck, and the brunet has to helplessly watch as both of his best friends excuse themselves, leaving him alone with Dream and Sapnap.

"You sure you'll be alright, Gogy?" Sapnap asks, knowing that George has hated that nickname since Sapnap first came up with it way back in eighth grade. "I'm free for the next hour, so I can go grab you your shirt if you really want."

"As if I'd give you my dorm key," George mutters, packing his things away quickly so that he can move someplace else.

"Or," Dream cuts in with a chuckle, holding up his jacket with one hand. "You can use this to cover yourself up until it dries."

George gives him the blankest stare, "Over my dead body."

"Suit yourself," Dream shrugs before shifting his gaze and George follows it all the way to the group of first-years that are filing into the courtyard. "All it takes is one picture with one nasty caption. Then the school's beloved princess becomes a social reject. You, of all people, should know that."

He knows what Dream is implying. George has definitely ruined one too many reputations using his sheer influence and the power of SNS. It's not for fun per se, but if the opportunity arises and someone has *really* wronged him or one of his friends, what's he supposed to do? Ignore it? George is fair, not righteous. You can't lead the school if your morals are perfectly aligned.

"I'll just borrow someone else's jacket," George rolls his eyes, pressing his palms flat on the table and pushing himself to stand up. "I'm sure Punz or Callahan would be more than willing."



There are a few things George expects. He expects Dream to bite back, he expects him to say something along the lines of '*you should be honored I'm even offering*', he even expects him to do that stupid thing he always does where he looks him up and down and presses his tongue against the inside of his cheek.

He does not expect Dream to grab his wrist and yank him down.

It puts him in an awkward position. His upper torso is leaning over the table, the edges pressing against his hips uncomfortably, and his face is mere inches away from Dream's. George tries to pull himself away, but Dream's hold only tightens and when he looks to Sapnap for help, he notices that the younger boy has made himself scarce.

"Can you not be such a fucking bitch for once?" Dream spits out and then he frees George from his grasp before rising to his full height. George hates the fact that Dream is over half a foot taller than him because all he has to do is stare down at George and suddenly, it feels like he's losing the argument. "I offered you my jacket because I'm being nice. Do you know what that word means?"

George hugs his wrist to his chest. Dream hadn't applied enough pressure for it to hurt, but George's skin is frighteningly pale, so there's no doubt it'll bruise.

"You're hardly ever nice."

"That's not true. I try to be, you just refuse to let me." Dream says, grabbing his jacket off the table and holding it out in front of him. "Take it and for once, stop being such a fucking *brat*."

George's eyes flicker between Dream's face and the article of clothing offered to him. If he doesn't take it, he'll indirectly be agreeing that he's a 'brat', as ludicrous as it is, but if he does take it, Dream will probably never let him hear the end of it. It's a lose-lose situation, but as the group of underclassmen draw closer and closer, George reminds himself that he'll have to deal with Dream for a long time anyway. With a pissed off scoff, he grabs the jacket out of the junior's hands and slips it on.

"Finally," Dream sighs and then he leans back, shamelessly checking George out. "Looks good on you, princess. I have practice from 7 to 9, by the way, you can return it then."

George stares at Dream's retreating figure as he rejoins his friends at the other table and then

glances down at himself. The jacket is way too big on him. The hem falls around the middle of his thighs and the sleeves hide George's hands completely. To make things worse, it reeks of the cologne that Dream wears and George knows that the smell is going to cling to his clothes.

That means he needs to waste more laundry detergent.

It's times like this that George is thankful he comes from a wealthy family because if he had to worry about expenses like laundry, he'd be a goner.

With an indignant huff, George slings his bag over his shoulder—it takes a bit of a struggle because the big jacket complicates things—and then begrudgingly heads to his next lecture hall.

If George had a dime for the amount of times people had come up to him, asking him if he was dating Dream because of the stupid letterman jacket, he'd have three dimes. That's not a lot, but it's weird that it happened three times, right? It's not like their hatred for one another was a secret.

The questions also happened within the span of one period because George's shirt had dried up fairly quickly which only made it feel even weirder. Did people really think he and Dream would *ever* see each other in any way, shape, or form other than disgust, let alone romance?

He had rushed to take the jacket off and shoved the thing into his bag so that people wouldn't pester him with more idiotic questions, but the damage had already been done. News at their school spreads like wildfire. Especially news surrounding the most popular boy in the university and the co-captain of the football team.

George can tell from the side glances and the hushed whispers that everyone is concerned about the same thing: what happened between the class sweetheart and the class jock? It's comical, really. Everyone's speculating things from a fight to confessions to sex. The last one makes George want to slam his face against a wall and he does so when he gets home. Well, not a wall, but his bed.

Alex and Karl are loitering by his door, waiting for some sort of explanation as to why George is being so dramatic and why everyone's been asking them if George was off the market. George, being the mature adult that he is, throws a tantrum.

"I hate him, I hate him, I hate him!" He whines, kicking his feet in the air and then heaving a loud sigh as he buries his face into his pillows. "He's such a stupid fucking prick!"

That's enough to outline what the problem is because there's only one person George hates with that much passion. Not to mention, this is what his problems *always* end up being. He hardly ever acts this distraught about anything else because nothing gets his blood boiling like he does.

"Oh my god," Karl says, the dots suddenly connecting in his head. "Wait a second, do people think you're dating *Dream*?"

There's a laugh of disbelief that follows, but George has already covered his ears with pillows so he can't discern who it comes from. After a few more seconds of silent sulking, he feels hands around his ankles and then he's being tugged until he's almost fully off the bed. He turns around almost violently, sitting up and glaring at his best friends who share the same, stupid grin on their faces.

"What the fuck happened?" Alex asks, eagerly sitting down to the left of George while Karl sits to the right. "Tell us every—hold on." George stiffens as Alex leans down, sniffing near the crook of his neck before pulling away with a scandalized gasp. "*Why* do you smell like you just got off a private jet with the CEO of Louis Vuitton's unmarried sons?"

An equally offended gasp comes from Karl. "You went to Paris *without us*?"

With the last few ounces of effort George can muster after a day's worth of humiliation, he reaches for his backpack and nearly rips the zipper as he makes a show of opening it. The jacket puffs out, escaping confinement, but Karl and Alex hardly react to it. That is until George tugs it out fully, stands up, and holds it up in front of them.

“No fucking way,” Karl says, jaw dropping open as he gapes at the item hanging in front of him. “Can I touch it?”

He reaches out, eyes wide with curiosity, and before his fingers can graze the jacket, George reels it away, staring at him in bewilderment. Karl blinks twice, just as surprised by George’s actions as George is by his. Alex, on the other hand, seems to be the only one not acting weird, which says a lot since he’s the one always doing bits. George and Alex share a look and Alex shrugs, leaving George to deal with Karl by himself.

“What’s wrong with you?” George asks and Karl laughs, revealing that he was joking. “Why would you contaminate yourself like that? I had to wear this against my own will.”

“Oh yeah,” Alex nods, leaning back on his hands and raising both his eyebrows in amusement as he stares up at George. “I’m sure that’s how it went.”

“I’m serious,” George reasserts, stomping his left foot on the ground and then glaring at the jacket in his hand. “He was making a big fuss because I refused to wear it.”

It’s almost nine, but George knows that Dream will probably stay on the field longer than he claimed he would because he’s a perfectionist. That’s something George has learned about him from over the years. Dream will always pour his hardest into everything he does, never aiming for anything less than the best. It’s admirable, really, and sometimes, George wishes Dream would be a sum of those kinds of traits rather than the jackass that he is.

“He was upset you wouldn’t wear it? Let me guess, you were gonna steal someone else’s?” Alex chuckles and George nods which makes Alex give Karl a look that George can’t translate into words. “Sounds a little jealous to me.”

George scoffs loudly, rolling his eyes so far back that they’re at risk of getting stuck. “You’re being ridiculous,” he says and then he slips his shoes on. “He just wants bragging rights. You guys *know* how *cocky* he can get.”

“Whoa there. I wouldn’t know anything about that,” Karl replies, raising both his hands in the air in mock surrender. He’s got that infamous grin of his on his face: pearly white teeth peeking past thin lips, one corner of his mouth tugged higher than the other, and raised eyebrows meant to be aggravating. “I don’t think Alex does either. Right, dude?”

At first, George stares at them with an exasperation written across his visage because he can't understand them and he doesn't have the patience to try any harder. But after Alex forms a wide 'o' with his mouth in shock, the lightbulb above George's head finally turns on.

The innuendo makes him gag. "Piss off! You're gross. I didn't mean it like that."

"Yet here you are meeting up with him this late at night," Alex teases as the trio slowly move out of George's room and into the common area.

"To return his jacket," George replies, grabbing his keys off the coffee table and pocketing them. "Because I'm feeling nice. I was going to lose it, you know, and by lose it, I mean throw it in the trash."

Before they get a chance to call his bluff, George exits the suite and shuts the door with the back of his foot.

Five minutes into his walk, George realizes that it's gotten much colder and he regrets not wearing something heavy. He's in the same clothes he wore earlier: strawberry pink shirt and black, tight-fitting jeans. They're not exactly cold weather friendly, but then again, with the high reaching nearly 90 degrees fahrenheit that afternoon, he hadn't thought it would become this chilly. So, with reluctance, he tugs the varsity jacket back onto his frame to spare himself from potentially catching hypothermia or whatever. (He's not a medical student for a reason.)

George hates being outside at night. First things first, he prefers the sun to the moon. This apparently surprises everyone because to them, he resembles the latter like an uncanny rendition. It's not his fault his parents blessed him with their ghostly complexion and dark eyes that seem to always be home to mischievous twinkles.

Second, he's built like a twig on its last breath, ready to snap crackle pop at any second. Someone could jump out of the darkness and he would hit the ground before they even touched him. When he was younger, everyone had pressured him into doing sports because they thought it would make him buff and possibly provide him a scholarship. Of course George hadn't known that different sports require different strengths, so he signed up for swimming and figure skating. Go figure.

Last, but not least, he reserves these hours to watch his shows because a computer science major needs break time every day for self-care. George would be pulling gray hair instead of boys if he didn't allocate some time to let himself breathe.

To make matters worse, everything seems more eerie than usual tonight.

During his entire walk, George had only seen two people. Usually, more students would be out and about even this late into the day, especially on the night of a full moon. Many people have had late night picnics to admire the full moon before and while George never understood the hype, he had one with Karl and Alex during their freshman year. Karl had been excited to experience college, Alex wanted to save fond memories, and George just wanted to get it out of the way. It had been nice, but George thinks any picnic with Karl and Alex would be that way; the full moon didn't play much of a role.

A breath of relief leaves him when he catches sight of the field's blinding floodlights.

Just as he had speculated, Dream was still out, practicing alone. He cups his hands over his mouth, getting ready to shout, but he stops himself quickly when Dream kicks a goal into one of the uprights. George is by no means well-versed in football, but everything from Dream's form to the kick to the motion of the ball looks flawless. So when Dream tosses his head back, running both his hands through his hair in an act of what George reads as frustration, George is confused.

It's times like this that George can forget about their childish feuds and see Dream the way other people know him. Dream, the hard worker; Dream, the overachiever; Dream, the boy who's always too hard on himself, but refuses to give up until he's satisfied.

In all honesty, they could be good friends.

But something akin to a barrier resides between them and George can't help but wonder if it's his fault—if it's him that's responsible for keeping them apart.

Quietly, he slips into the shadows to prevent Dream from catching him in the act of staring again and watches as the younger boy readjusts the football tee. A few steps back, a deep breath, and then he's taking off and aiming another hard kick. The ball soars through the air, arching beautifully and flying straight through the center of the upright. George almost claps and that embarrasses him to his core.

He decides that he should just run in and give the jacket back now before it gets too late and Dream finds something snarky to say about his time management. As he's about to call for the blonde's attention, he hears something. Like shoes scuffing against concrete. He freezes for a second, thinking he had imagined it because it goes back to being silent afterwards, but then there's the sound of a pebble rolling across the ground.

The rock hits the heel of his left shoe.

George feels his blood run cold and he slowly turns around, trying to reassure himself that it's probably just another student taking a late night walk or maybe Sapnap coming to fetch Dream.

What he sees is neither of those options.

Standing just a few feet away from him is a hooded person in the shadows. They bring a finger up to their lips, motioning for George to be quiet and George complies, but that doesn't save him.

His attacker moves quickly and George barely has the chance to blink before he's being pinned onto the ground. The man, if George can even call it that, snarls threateningly and his teeth—no, his *fangs* are inches away from George's face.

"Shut up before I kill you," he grunts and George tries his best to keep quiet, but he can't help the fearful whimpers he emits every now and then because what the fuck, what the *fuck*. "Sam said you'd be quite the challenge, but I guess he was wrong. You're pathetic."

*Sam?* The only Sam George knows is *Samantha* from the *marching band* and maybe he was just easy to fool or maybe she was an excellent actor, but she did not give off supernatural creature vibes to him.

"Look," George says, breathing heavily as he goes limp in the man's hold so that he doesn't accidentally provoke him. "I.. I think you've got the wrong guy. I don't know the Sam you're talking about."

"Do you think I'm fucking stupid? I can smell the stench of your disgusting bloodline rotting this entire town." The man scoffs and then he slowly traces the embroidered '23' on the jacket George is donning. "And I know how much this number means to you," he cackles, lifting his icy eyes to meet George's frightened gaze again. "Don't worry, I'll make sure you see her very soon."

The last thing George sees are those haunting blue eyes and those inhumane features before he squeezes his eyes shut and lets out a deafening shriek. He braces himself as the man raises his hand, sharp claws protruding from his fingers that evidently serve no purpose other than to harm, but the pain never comes. Instead, the weight on his body completely disappears and he hears the loud clanging of metal.

When he has the courage to open his eyes, he sees his assailant staggering a few feet away, clutching his right shoulder, and in front of him stands Dream. George watches in utter confusion as the two of them stare each other down. While he's grateful he won't die alone, even if it's Dream that's joining him, he's also incredibly lost trying to figure out why Dream would put himself in this position in the first place. It's a miracle that the creature hasn't torn both of them apart by now.

It seems that Dream's stupidity exists even in life or death situations because he lunges forward and George yells at him to come back, not wanting to witness a death. The unnamed man narrowly dodges, but Dream whips around fast enough to land a good kick to his side. George watches the stranger tumble down and just when he thinks Dream has done enough to sign his own death certificate, Dream grabs a fistful of the man's hair and yanks him up until he's sitting on his knees.

"What the fuck are you doing here, Foolish?" Dream asks and George's head rings because *why* does Dream know who this man is? "Puffy claimed this town centuries ago."

The laugh that leaves Foolish sends chills down George's spine. "By killing Sam's old pack for it," he whispers, ignoring the way blood dribbles past his lips when he speaks. "Sam wants it back. He wants it all back from you filthy fucking bloodsuckers and he said," Foolish interrupts himself with a laugh. "He said we could kill *every* single one of you."

"Foolish," Dream speaks through gritted teeth. "What did you do?"

"What did *I* do? No, no, no, silly," Foolish shakes his head, wiping the side of his mouth with the back of his hand and smearing the blood across his chin. "I was just in charge of keeping you occupied.. but I wonder if Alyssa will make it to karaoke night today. She was *so* excited about it, wasn't she?"

Dream tenses at the threat and George wants to comfort him, wants to press his hand in the valley between Dream's shoulder blades, because if Dream falters for even a second, they might both be dead. Unfortunately, he's out of arm's reach and Dream lets his guard down. He's not the only one to notice Dream's moment of weakness because Foolish smirks, knowing he's won, and he latches onto Dream's arm before Dream can react. George can't hold back his scream when Foolish stands up and twists Dream arm around until the bones crack.

"Oh, did you forget, Dream?" Foolish howls, running the tip of his tongue over his pointy canines. "It's the full moon tonight! There's no fucking way for you to beat me, newblood."



George reaches around in his pockets, trying to find his phone, but his hands are shaking way too much and he accidentally drops his keys in the process. The noise redirects Foolish's attention to him and George watches as Foolish contemplates his next move. He dreads all the choices, even if he doesn't know what they are.

"You know what I'm thinking, Dream?" Foolish hums, twisting Dream's arm again and making the blonde cry out in agony. "I'm thinking, I'm going to kill your pretty boyfriend over there first and you're going to let me. Just like you let Niki kill sweet little Drista."

George pales at the mentions of people he's never heard of, confused and afraid. Dream, on the other hand, thrashes with anger and that only spurs Foolish on. He laughs sadistically, planting a foot on Dream's chest and pressing hard enough to hear a frightening crack. Dream coughs out blood and George has to look away, unable to bear the sight.

There's a resounding thud when Foolish drops Dream in favor of walking towards George. "You smell so delicious," he sighs, closing his eyes and sniffing the air to enjoy the scent for a while longer. "I bet you'll be quite the feast."

During all the horror movies George has ever watched, he always finds himself yelling at the main characters to run because they never seem to or when they do, it's already too late. Therefore, it's ironic that now he finds himself in the same situation. Had he taken off while Foolish was busy with Dream, his chances of living would've been much, much higher.

Foolish raises his hand up and swings his arm down, intending to create a lethal cut in George's body, but he gets yanked away and just barely scratches the brunet's shirt. George stumbles back and right before Foolish can pounce on him again, a hand juts through Foolish's chest; in it is a beating heart. The corpse falls to the ground, next to the dented organ, and Dream sighs in relief when he catches sight of an unharmed George before his legs give in.

George barely manages to catch him in time, the sudden weight causing them both to eventually fall down and the panic that George feels only heightens when he sees the wounds all over Dream's body. There's blood drenching Dream's football jersey from the open gash on his side, his elbow is clearly dislocated, and there are cuts all over his face.

"Fuck," George says, looking around frantically for something to work with before sitting Dream up and grabbing the hem of the stained jersey. "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

Carefully, he pulls the jersey off of Dream's body and then bunches it up before pressing it over the large wound on Dream's waist. The blonde jerks forward, hissing in pain, but George doesn't

let up, pressing down as hard as he can in order to clog up the injury. As much as George doesn't want to hurt Dream any further, he can't exactly have him bleeding out to death.

Dream's head lolls forward and George reaches up, tilting it back again so that he can see Dream's eyes. "Hey," he nearly shouts. "Stay with me, come on. Eyes here, idiot." Dream struggles to follow the orders, but his eyes eventually meet George's. "That's it."

"I'll be fine," Dream groans, trying to gently push George away, and George thinks he must be hallucinating from the near-death experience because in what world does he look fine? "It's just—god, *fuck*. Damn fucking full moon. Werewolves- mutts get stronger and wounds from them take more time to heal."

"How much more time?" George asks, not easing up on the pressure he's applying to Dream's side. "Because if it's not quick enough, you're still going to die. I mean, what were you *thinking*? You're so fucking stupid!"

Dream has the audacity to laugh. "Didn't know you cared so much about me, Georgie."

"Of course I—" George snaps and then he stops himself, surprised at the words that were about to leave his mouth so naturally. George drops his gaze, voice lowering to a whisper. "I'm not some fucking monster that wants you dead, especially when I have your blood all over my hands, asshole."

"And I wouldn't run away and let you die," Dream replies easily, lowering a hand to rest over both of George's as they continue to cover the gash with the soiled shirt. "It's my fault he attacked you. I should've been more aware, I'm sorry."

Sincerity bleeds from both his voice and his gaze. George suddenly becomes very, very aware of how close they are and he feels a new warmth creep up his neck and spread like wildfire over his cheeks. He's unsure of what to say and so he opts to not say anything at all.

"George," Dream mumbles and George spares him a brief glance to show that he's listening. "You know I would've saved you even if this wasn't my fault, right?"

George doesn't reply, he doesn't *want* to reply. Because the answer is yes—yes, he knows Dream would've still been a selfless prick and gone out of his way to save him, but he doesn't want to admit it because he's supposed to think Dream is rotten for crying out loud. He also doesn't know

what that answer means for them. It implies *something*, but he's unsure what that something is; or maybe he does know, but there's no way he's going to humor the unsaid possibility. So, to avoid answering, he busies himself with inspecting the wound that Dream claimed would heal.

"I would've tried even if I wasn't powerful enough to," Dream babbles. "George, I wouldn't have let him hurt you, I would never let anyone hurt you."

"Shut up!" George snaps, fingers quivering as he tries to drench the dirtied jersey of some of the blood it's absorbed so that he can reuse it. "Just shut up, okay?"

The cut isn't healing and the blood flow is still heavy. At this rate, Dream is going to bleed out and there's nothing George can do about it. All he's doing right now is prolonging Dream's suffering, but he can't let go, he can't give up. George's hands are warm, soaked in Dream's blood, and he thinks he'll never be able to look at them the same way again.

"It's not working, it's not- why isn't it working?" George's voice trembles nearly as much as the rest of his body.

His hope is fading quickly and in its place lies fear and desperation that stem from the possibility of losing Dream. He's not supposed to be this scared—he's supposed to loathe Dream, he's supposed to *wish* he were dead—but here he is, hoping that God hears his pathetic cries when he's never been a believer.

"Told you," Dream says through pained, labored breaths. "Full moon." And then, to George's absolute horror, he tries to stand up.

"Have you gone *mad*?" George hisses, forcing Dream back down and then tossing a leg over Dream's hips until he's straddling him. "You are not moving a damn muscle until this heals. Do you hear me?"

"Alyssa- she needs me," Dream explains, but George holds his ground.

"He was lying, moron," George says as if it's the most obvious thing in the world. "He was trying to get you to let your guard down and it *worked*. God, you're such a fucking idiot—and *look* at where your idiocy has landed us!"

It's silent for a second and George thinks he's finally drilled some sense into Dream's dense skull, but then Dream weakly places a hand on George's thigh. "Please," he whispers. "You're probably right, but I have to make sure. Please I- I can't lose her too."

The vulnerability on Dream's face strikes a new chord inside George.

"Where's your phone?" he sighs and Dream motions weakly to his pocket. George uses one hand to reach into it and pulls out the device. "What's the password?"

Dream bangs his head against the wall behind him and George startles. His eyes flicker between the comforting yellow that they usually are and a darker shade that looks a lot like the pendant of Dream's signature necklace. George doesn't know what that means, but he supposes it can't be very good.

"0404," Dream rushes to say, breaths getting heavier. George flushes, not expecting to hear *his* phone's password leave Dream's lips. It's been the same for nearly a decade now, even after Dream had bullied him by saying it was bland once, and surely Dream must remember that. Surely this wasn't a coincidence. "Call Ponk. Hurry."

George rushes to find the contact and then calls the number, bringing the phone to his ear. It rings and it rings, feeling much like a taunt, and George almost swears to kill whoever Ponk is because *holy shit* pick up the *goddamn* phone.

"Hello?" the staticky voice filters through the speakers, surrounded by loud chatter.

"Are you Ponk?" He asks, not bothering to hide the panic in his voice.

"You're not Dream," the person replies and George hears a loud gust of wind before the background noise ebbs into silence. "Who are you and where is he?"

"Alyssa," Dream croaks and George ignores Ponk's worried questions in favor of putting the phone on speaker. "Ponk, Ponk you have to check on Alyssa. Now, please, *go*."

"Dream? Are you okay? What's wrong with Alyssa?" Ponk's questions drip with worry, each word stressed with a new level of terror. "Is Sapnap with you?"

“It’s Sam,” Dream manages to get out and that’s all he has to say before Ponk curses loudly and ends the call.

There’s less stress on Dream’s face, but George can tell he’s still worried. He’s certain that Dream would much rather be the one to go check on Alyssa—it’s part of being such a perfectionist: always wanting to do the job yourself—but his injury and George’s stubbornness are stopping him and rightfully so. George knows for a fact that if Dream so much as takes one step right now, his injuries will win.

“Is there anything that’ll speed up the process?” George asks, examining the gash again and noticing barely any improvement.

Dream makes a face, sort of like a grimace, and then shakes his head ‘no’.

George would have to be an idiot to believe him. Maybe it’s because he knows the telling signs of when Dream lies or maybe it’s because Dream is clearly a terrible liar under stressful situations, but he knows that there *is* something that’ll help. Dream’s just refusing to tell him what it is.

George watches his eyes change color again and then his gaze trails to the pendant. The gears in his head start turning slowly. Full moon, werewolves, bloodsuckers—

“That’s it,” he whispers and then he hesitantly lets go of the shirt he’s holding against Dream’s wound. Before he can even realize what he’s doing, he tugs the letterman off and tosses it to the side. “Blood. You need blood, don’t you?”

When the realization dawns on Dream about what George is suggesting for him to do, the blonde weakly pushes himself away. George sees the flash of hunger that Dream tries so heavily to subdue and that’s all the confirmation he really needs. He leans in closer, stretching his neck to reveal more skin.

“George, don’t,” Dream warns, but his breaths become ragged when George pulls on the sleeve of his shirt. “George, please, I don’t want to hurt you.”

The shirt slips off one of George’s shoulders, exposing the unblemished column of his neck, and Dream thrashes, fighting against his predatory needs. George reaches out, placing one hand behind Dream’s head and pulling the boy in close until he can feel the heavy breathing fan out over his

skin. One of Dream's hands curls around George's hip and George can feel him struggling to restrain himself. Dream makes one last effort to push George away, but the stubborn Brit stays in place, refusing to get off Dream's lap until he takes what he needs.

"It's okay," George whispers, carding his fingers through the mop of curls and massaging Dream's scalp. "I trust you."

Dream finally grows limp, succumbing to his instinctual drive and pressing his lips against George's warm, inviting skin. There's lingering hesitation as he flattens his tongue over the nape of George's neck and George is about to threaten him to get *on* with it already when he feels an overwhelming amount of pain. Sharp teeth pierce through George's skin, digging deeper and deeper, and George fights against every fiber of his being to stop himself from screaming. He knows that if he lets even the quietest of noises out, Dream will stop, and he can't have that. Not until Dream heals.

(Besides, what are humans if not organic bags of blood, right?)

He can deal with losing a couple of ounces and the numbing pain if it means he's saving a life. Not to mention he's saving *Dream's* life. Having your number one enemy owe you something this huge is a very, very big win and George plays to win.

(And maybe there's a part of him that's doing this because no matter how hard he tries, he can't erase the desire to kindle a forbidden flame.)

The pain subsides after a few minutes and to George's horror, it begins to feel pleasurable. He feels butterflies swarm in the pit of his stomach and his breathing turns into small hiccups for air. Meanwhile, Dream's grip on his waist becomes more firm, depicting the return of his strength. George casts his gaze down and to his relief, he sees that Dream's right arm has healed and is no longer looking sickeningly crooked. The cut on Dream's side is also disappearing as his body slowly regenerates right before George's eyes. It's disgusting and mesmerizing at the same time, the way the skin stitches itself together, stretching out like glue.

If George wakes up tomorrow and this is all just a dream, he wouldn't be surprised. He might even be relieved.

"Dream," he whispers softly, unable to prevent a sigh of pleasure. He's not sure if he's supposed to feel this good, like he's rediscovering ecstasy while there's blood dripping down his neck. "Dream, I.."

Dream pulls away with a final lick and a tentative kiss to the puncture marks. His lips are glistening with spit and there's remnants of George's blood on his lips like fine wine. George tries to stand up, but his knees give in before he can even lift himself a few inches off of Dream's lap and Dream secures an arm around his waist. "I've got you, princess."

Oh. He's definitely back to normal, alright.

"Don't call me that," George groans, aiming a punch at Dream's chest, but not following through because the bruises on Dream's skin have yet to fade.

That doesn't go unnoticed and Dream laughs, using his unoccupied hand to cup George's chin so that he can make the shorter boy look at him. "I'm fine," he says with a small smile. "You were so worried for me, Georgie. It warms my heart."

George looks to the side. Foolish's corpse has disintegrated by now, leaving behind no trace of what had just happened as far as George can tell. There's a possibility that his blood is mixed with Dream's in their drenched clothes, but it's not like they can differentiate that. He sort of wishes the wolf hybrid was still alive, just so Dream would shut up.

(He doesn't *really* but he's allowed to have grumpy thoughts.)

"Like I said," George starts. "It wouldn't look too good for me if the cops found me next to your corpse with your blood all over me."

"Oh, please," Dream scoffs, tucking one of George's straying curls behind his ear, and George bats his hand away with a peeved scowl. "Wouldn't Daddy just cover up your mess for you?"

The question is said mockingly and meant to jab at George's wealth, which he finds absurd. "That's rich coming from you. D'you think I don't know about your father paying our high school principal to clear your suspension from the records?"

To be fair, he's not *supposed* to know. And he wouldn't have! *If* the principal's daughter hadn't been so adamant on befriending George for the sake of her status.

They had been hanging out at her place when her father had come home blabbering to his wife about a check he received at school and with a little bit of eavesdropping, George had heard the whole story. Dream had gotten into a fight with a boy from class 7A and things had ended badly. Dream had been unscathed, but the boy he'd scuffed with had sustained injuries that pulled him out of class for nearly a week and almost landed him in the hospital. However, with a quick check, Mr. Weztekan had bought a clean slate for his son.

“Well, if we take the little details into account, that was also your fault,” Dream shrugs nonchalantly, crossing his arms behind his head.

“Pray tell me, Dream, how was it my fault that your fist collided with poor Caleb's jaw?”

Dream takes a second longer than usual to reply and George makes the mistake of thinking he's won. “He was harassing you.” Because that catches him off guard and he knows Dream sees his shock. “What? Did he never tell you the reason?”

For two weeks straight, George had been receiving letters in his locker, every single day. Secret admirers weren't new to him, but something about his new one just felt off to him. Perhaps it was the possessive language or the way they had George's address written on the envelopes. George had told him off twice and Caleb had stopped, but a few days later, he began getting lewd texts on his phone from an unknown number. That continued for half a week until Dream's infamous fight. George had never thought anything of it. He'd simply brushed it off as a sheer coincidence and bountiful luck.

“I suppose he didn't have the chance to,” Dream continues when George doesn't give him a verbal reaction. “I told him to stop bothering you or he'd regret it.” This causes George to narrow his eyes, expecting an elaboration. “And it worked, didn't it? You should be thanking me.”

“I saved your life, I think we're even,” George fires back, trying not to let his thoughts dance around the fact that Dream had gone to such lengths to protect him not once, but twice.

It doesn't make any sense. Now that Dream's no longer staggering between life and death, there's no logical reason for him to reveal any of this information. No, “before I die” or “I don't know what I'm saying”. He doesn't understand why Dream is telling him this instead of returning to the petty insults and aggravating comments passed as flirty remarks. In fact, he would much rather prefer the childish bantering because these are murky waters that they're treading in.

Dream doesn't say anything, but he grabs his letterman and then begins to stand up. George clings onto him because he doesn't know what else to do. His legs still feel like jelly post-bite and he's



not about to get tossed aside on the concrete.

It seems like Dream has no plans of discarding him either because his hands fit under the back of George's thighs and George finds himself being carried in a mildly humiliating position. His legs are dangling on either side of Dream's body and his arms are locked around the blonde's neck. Dream's hands are big and the tips of his fingers brush dangerously close to George's ass, but it's not like George can tell him off. He'd probably get dropped without a second thought.

"Where are we going?" George asks as Dream begins heading in a direction that's unfamiliar to him. "My dorm's the other way."

"Because having Karl and Alex see you covered in blood is such a smart thing to do," Dream snorts and George purses his lips to the side, not having a response that's witty enough. "We're going back to my place. Sappnap won't mind."

"People will talk-"

"People are already talking," Dream dismisses with a roll of his eyes. "And it didn't start today either. It's always been a thing. Hate sex or whatever."

George can see the way Dream's eyes sparkle with mischief, but he knows that if he tries to say anything back, Dream will get even *more* annoying. Sometimes, being silent is the best tactic around Dream. Unfortunately, his big ego translates silence to defeat and George nearly headbutts him when he hums triumphantly.

"You know," Dream says after a while, knocking loudly on the door of what George assumes is his dorm room. "You're actually kinda cute when you're not running that mouth of yours."

Before he has the time to spit out his retort, the door swings open, revealing a disgruntled Sappnap. In hindsight, it's better left unsaid, because now that George thinks about it "people love this mouth of mine" doesn't sound too great.

Sappnap looks like he's just been rudely awakened from a heavy sleep. His hair is sticking out in all sorts of directions, his eyes are barely open and he's rubbing at the corner of one of them with a fist, not to mention he doesn't even react when he sees Dream with an armful of George.

"I can't be bothered to find my headphones, so *please* try to be quiet," Sappnap grumbles as Dream walks in and shuts the door behind him.

An affronted squeak comes from George, "We're not going to do anything!"

"Yeah, yeah," Sappnap waves his hand dismissively, heading towards what George guesses is his room. "I never specified anything, so the fact that your mind went straight into the gutter says something. Night!"

And then he's gone. His door slams shut and George hears the click of the lock. For a second, he stares at the door, repeating Sappnap's words to himself, and then he smacks Dream's arm. Twice.

"Let me down," he orders. Dream rolls his eyes like he's dealing with a child, so George feels obligated to add on, "Please."

Pleasantly surprised, Dream sets him down on the wooden floorboards. George still feels a little weird standing on his legs, but he's no longer worried about collapsing every other second. While he stretches out his cramped up limbs, Dream disappears behind one of the doors and then returns with a towel.

George blinks at him. "You're planning to clean all of this," he gestures at the copious amounts of blood staining his clothes. "With *that*?"

"No, dimwit," Dream replies, tossing the towel over George's head and causing the brunet to jump back like a startled cat. "You can go shower first. I'll lay out some clothes for you."

George glances back down at his body, then up at Dream, then back down at his body, and says, "Unless you, for some reason, have clothes in my size, this is not going to work out well."

"Yeah, I do actually," Dream shrugs. "Cheerleaders tend to leave their spare uniforms with me all the time."

"Fuck you if you think I'm going to- *Dream!*"

George uses a fist to hit Dream's back as the younger boy tosses him over his shoulder effortlessly. Dream doesn't pay him any mind and walks to the bathroom door, plopping George down in front of it. With one swift motion of his hand, he turns George around and then unlocks the door, pushing it wide open.

"Please stop yapping my ear off before I return you to your dorm room naked."

Another light shove and George stumbles into the bathroom, the door getting slammed shut behind him.

Thankfully, Dream's jerk meter levels are low when George leaves the shower and he's greeted with a fresh set of clothes that aren't cropped shirts and short skirts. Dream tells him later that those are old clothes of his that he's grown out of and George thinks that's incredibly weird because how can you grow that much within one semester, especially *this* late into puberty? Then again, a vampire's body must work differently.

It's embarrassing to say that the clothes are still big on him, but he's not drowning in them like he was with the letterman.

Dream also advises George to spend the night there, given that it's already late, and as much as George wants to pass out and call it a day, he can't. God forbid people see him walk out of Dream's dorm in the morning, wearing clothes that aren't his own. God forbid *Karl* and *Alex* see him. He waits for Dream to finish showering so that he can thank him, because that's the least he can do and as much as he dislikes Dream, he's not impolite.

"You sure you don't wanna stay? You can use my bed, I don't mind. Couch's fine for me," Dream

offers, tilting his head to the side as he dries off his hair with a towel.

George shakes his head.

“Okay, fine,” Dream sighs, shrugging on a hoodie and gesturing to the door. “Let’s go.”

George blinks twice, “Huh?”

“I’m not letting you walk home alone at midnight. Did you forget about what just happened?” Dream scoffs, passing by George to open the door. “Come on, we don’t have all night.”

George wants to protest because if someone catches them walking alone at this late in the night, it’ll be hell to explain. However, the events of tonight are still very fresh (and will probably scar him for life) so he quietly brushes past Dream and heads out the door. He waits for Dream to lock the door and then follows behind him when he begins to lead the way back to George’s dorm. George has never been to this side of the dormitories, therefore he’s blindly trusting Dream. There’s a fair chance that this could lead to his death, but if Dream really wanted to kill him, everything would be futile at this point.

“What are you doing?” He asks sharply when Dream turns left, headed straight to the center of the campus. “We are not going that way.”

“What? This is the shortest way!” Dream reasons, but walks back to where George is standing anyway.

“There are eyes and ears everywhere down this path,” George says, yanking Dream into the shadows.

That’s specifically why he avoided this place earlier. Because he would have rather been on a Florida Times-Union article with the headline “Son of Multimillionaire Found Dead in Craft University’s Campus” than be seen wearing Dream’s letterman again.

Now the stakes are even higher, he’s wearing *everything* of Dream’s; there is no way in Hell, Heaven and Earth combined that he is walking out there—and *with* Dream for God’s sake. That’s a grand invitation to rumor-ville.

“What are you gonna do when you get to your building?” Dream exclaims, now evidently baffled. “I guarantee you that a bunch of people are still awake right now.”

“Can’t you use your vampire powers to get me inside before anyone notices?” George whines, hands waving around in demonstration.

“Vampire powers- at the very least, Karl and Alex will still see you.”

“I can threaten them, they’re not a problem,” George dismisses. “But I meant.. Well, I always leave my window open.”

Dream rolls his tongue past his lips and his hands come down to rest on his hips as he stares at George. Hard.

“Let me get this straight,” Dream says. “You want me.. to carry you *into* your dorm.. through your window.”

“Well, it’s the least you could do after nearly getting me killed,” George replies with a deceiving smile.

Dream scoffs and shakes his head in disbelief, “You are such a spoiled brat, it’s unbelievable.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever,” George groans and then spreads his arms out expectantly. “Spoil me then. Go on.”

At first, the amount of frustration on Dream’s face makes George believe he’s going to leave him there, but then the taller boy sighs in defeat. He knocks George’s arms out of the way temporarily and then bends down, tucking an arm behind his thighs and another around his waist before swooping him off his feet, bridal style.

“Guilt tripping isn’t very nice, Davidson,” Dream mutters and George barely has a second to wrap his arms around Dream’s neck before he takes off fast enough to blur their surroundings.

“Yeah, you should know, Weztekan.”

They arrive at George’s dorm shortly and George yelps loud enough to wake up the entire building when Dream leaps towards George’s half-open window. He lets go of George’s waist to budge the window open a little more and George swears that he sees his life flash before his eyes. He’s being dramatic, he knows, but it’s not his fault. Dream’s balancing on a narrow ledge like a nimble acrobat.

Nimble annoyance is more like it.

“We’ve arrived at our destination, your royal highness,” Dream sighs, sliding into the room and then safely dropping George down on the ground. “Anything else I can do to serve you?”

“Don’t get sassy with me,” George frowns, folding his arms over his chest. “I gave you a good chunk of my blood. Play nice.”

He watches Dream bite his tongue to prevent himself from saying another sarcastic remark.

“I’ve been meaning to ask,” George mumbles, glancing at the standing mirror that’s propped up in the back corner of his room. “Do you do this often? Bite people?”

The marks are still visible, much to his surprise; he had expected it to heal, but it appears even vampires have their limitations. The rims of the puncture holes are tinted pink and George knows he can probably cover the color up with concealer, but people are still going to notice the swelling.

“No. We have blood pills, but every now and then, we get bags from the hospital,” Dream says as if it’s the most nonchalant thing in the world. “I would put a bandaid on that if I were you.”

George rolls his eyes and walks to his bedside drawer to pull out a box of bandaids. “How honorable. Stealing blood from the people who need it.”

“We need it too, you know,” Dream replies and in the blink of an eye, he’s snatching the chosen bandaid out of George’s hand. “Bad—he works at the Hospital—only steals if they have extras.”

George tilts his head to the side, allowing Dream to skirt his fingers over his neck and then carefully apply the bandaid over the wound. "It's still stealing."

"Are you saying we should attack people?" Dream scoffs, pulling away after he's done with his handiwork.

"I'm not suggesting anything, but there *are* a lot of scums on the Earth." Turning around swiftly, George looks up at Dream with raised eyebrows, challenging him to present a counter. "Don't you agree, Dreamie?"

Dream laughs, fingers reaching out to tip George's chin up as he leans in close. "Believe it or not, I have morals, pretty boy."

George's snobby smile transforms into an irritated frown and he pushes Dream away. He can feel the blush on his face and he's never been happier to stand in Dream's shadow. Literally, not metaphorically, never metaphorically.

"Well," Dream salutes with two fingers and then hops onto the ledge of George's window again with infuriating ease. "I'll be going then. See you tomorrow, princess! Oh, and a little word of advice: keep this thing closed." He pats George's window twice, grins boyishly, and then kicks himself off.

George doesn't have the time to tell Dream to fuck off and he dashes to the window, hoping to at the very least give him a very, very demonstrative middle finger, but Dream disappears from George's line of sight quickly. With a sigh, he slams the window shut and tosses himself onto his bed with a groan.

There's a lot to take in tonight. There's the fact that he nearly *died*, the fact that Dream's a *vampire*, and the fact that he gave his arch nemesis his *blood*. George feels like he's in the middle of a new Netflix series or a poorly written self-insert fanfiction. Either way, it's embarrassing, because by that logic, he's the Bella in this stupid Twilight affair. He's no Bella.

Wait, if hypothetically he *was* Bella, did that make Dream—

George grabs his pillow, shoves his face into it, and screams.

First things first, George makes the mistake of passing out on his bed without changing out of Dream's clothes. He also forgets to lock his bedroom door, so when Karl barges in because George has slept through his third alarm, he looks like a deer caught at headlights. Karl lifts a finger, eyes moving up and down George's frame and then resting for some time on George's neck.

"Do you want to explain or should I start guessing?"

George presses his lips into a thin line and then he decides, *fuck it*, he's too tired today. With a roll of his eyes, he plops his head back down onto his pillows, giving Karl the green light to start rambling. His roommate starts with an impressively high-pitched squeal and this, of course, catches the attention of their other roommate, who comes storming in at light speed.

"No way! This is why you came home late last night!" Karl says, pointing an accusatory finger at the sleeping beauty in the room.

"What, what, what?" Alex asks, hopping up and down to try and see George over Karl's shoulder.

Eventually, the two of them infiltrate his room *and* his bed. George gets hauled up for further inspection and Karl pretends to faint when they realize that their eyes are definitely not playing tricks on them.

"It's not what you guys think," George whines, pushing them both away when they start prodding at his sides, trying to get information out of him.

That's when it dawns on him. There's no logical explanation for him wearing Dream's clothes and



having a suspicious bandaid on his neck. It's not like he can just go: *hey, no worries, I was just attacked by a werewolf last night and Dream saved me.* Karl and Alex are never going to believe that bullshit, even if he shows them the bite mark, and he's not sure if he's even *supposed* to say anything. Given that he never knew their existence prior to last night, he's pretty sure Dream is entrusting him with a secret and as much as George doesn't want to do Dream a favor out of the 'goodness of his heart', he would rather not accidentally put Dream's life at risk by babbling. Not to mention, there are a lot more people than Dream that might get put in danger if he decides to spill.

"Okay, it's a little like what you guys think," he lies and adds another tally mark to the number of favors Dream owes him. "Don't tell anyone or I *will* kill both of you and make it look like an accident."

Karl raises his hands in mock surrender and Alex makes a zipping motion over his lips. They really are dumber and dumbest ( and occasionally, George is the first "dumb").

"Well, if you're planning on skipping classes today, we're not going to stop you," Karl says, scooting off the bed. "But we've got that movie to catch today, so we'll be back late."

George knows this and he still feels betrayed, "I'm supposed to cope with my boredom all day?"

"You could invite Dream over," Alex jokes and narrowly dodges a pillow to the face. "Just kidding, damn! What the fuck?"

"Be happy I'm too tired to make another assassination attempt," George stifles a yawn and then shoos them out of his room with a dismissive hand. "Okay, *go* you idiots. Have fun later."

"We will!" Karl says, blowing a kiss.

"Don't miss us too much!" Alex adds on and then shuts the door behind them.

George stretches his arms over his head and then sighs, not sure what to do for the day. There's no way he's going to make it to his first class and if he misses his first class, he might as well miss the rest. He would be better off finding a game to play or finishing the code for his class project. Of course, neither of those sound appealing to him right now, so instead he reaches for his phone that rests on his bedside table.

Multiple social media notifications light up his screen, but that's not unusual and he'll get to those when he has more energy (and if he even wants to). What really catches his eye is the text message sandwiched between Karl's and Alex's. It's from an unknown number and the preview is just a simple smiley face.

George opens the app to inspect.

.xxx-xxx-xxxx

hey

let me know when you're free

need to talk about important stuff

uhh.. please?

thanks

:)

Assertive. Bland. iMessage with auto caps off.

"Dream," George hisses and aggressively swipes with the intent to delete the message.

He has to use his last bit of self-control to prevent himself from actually going through with the plan. As much as he wants to, he knows that it's wiser to listen to what Dream has to say and if he doesn't, he'll probably regret it once it's too late.

Drop by whenever

I'm not going to class

Even though he's certain either Karl or Alex gave Dream his number, he cannot be caught dead texting him. This calls for a creative nickname and George has a long list of insults to choose from. Idiot? Too fond. Prick? Too common. Beanstalk? Anything about his height just boosts his ego.

wow georgie

skipping classes is bad

be there in a sec tho princess

Asshole. Moron. Dickhead.

Do not call me either of those names

nincompoop

Just as he saves the contact on his phone, there's a loud tapping that comes from his window. George's eyes almost pop out of their head.

Perched on that same goddamn ledge is Dream, smiling wide enough to show off his pearly white teeth. George almost trips rushing over to the window so he can toss it open and tug the brainless dolt inside before someone calls the police. Dream makes a surprised noise and stumbles in, almost falling over. George makes sure he does by giving him a harsh shove.

"Are you fucking *crazy*?" George exclaims, tossing his arms in the air. "Someone could've seen you!"

Dream rubs the side of his butt and pouts up at him, "Ow. That hurt."

"Oh, boohoo," George rolls his eyes, yanking his curtains shut as a precaution. "Cry me a river."

“Woke up on the wrong side of the bed?” Dream sneers and then pushes himself onto his feet.  
“Nice pajamas by the way.”

Crap. George had been too occupied with Karl and Alex to change out of his (Dream’s) clothes. It seems like George really is God’s least favorite this week because the waves of embarrassment don’t stop crashing onto his shore. Now that he thinks about it, he hasn’t even combed his hair or brushed his teeth. He’s letting his *enemy* see him at his *worst*.

“Shut up,” George says defensively, not wasting another second to pull out some new clothes from his dresser. “Just say what you need to say and leave.”

“I have a lot of things I wanna say, so I’ll be here a while,” Dream shrugs, inviting himself to sit on George’s bed. If George had the energy, he would’ve hauled the blonde off and kicked him out.  
“There is something I wanna bring up first though.”

“And that would be?” George mumbles, clearly disinterested. His outfit for the day is much more important, Dream can wait.

Dream can’t wait. “Sapnap told me something *really* interesting this morning. Something he learned from Karl and Alex who apparently learned it from you.”

George slams the dresser shut. He’ll be arrested for third degree murder on two accounts by tomorrow afternoon. Dream wheezes between laughs behind him. Okay, maybe three accounts.

“I couldn’t exactly tell them what actually happened, could I?” George asks, placing his hands on his hips as he turns around to face the pain in his ass.

“Why not?” Dream asks, tilting his head to the side.

“Wouldn’t it put you guys in danger or something if people found out?”

Dream grins cheekily, placing his hands behind him and leaning back so that he can look at George more properly. “Aw. You *do* care about me, don’t you, Georgie?”

George thinks quickly—or barely thinks at all, whatever fits—and launches the shirt in his hand at Dream’s face. Dream shakes his head and lets the clothing fall onto his lap. His annoying smirk is still plastered on his face and now he’s blatantly checking George out. Oh yeah, three accounts of straight up homicide for George Davidson. He can see it now.

“You look good in my clothes, I’m gonna miss seeing them on you,” Dream sighs, dramatically placing a hand on his chest, but of course that’s not all he has to say. “Can’t say I’m opposed to seeing you take them off though.”

“You wish,” George gags.

“That was kinda my point.”

George glances down at his hands and considers throwing another item of clothing at Dream.

“Anyway,” Dream says, “I came to talk about our ordeal. Now that you know about.. my kind and even some names, I can’t let you walk around freely. It’s not safe for us and it’s not safe for you either.”

“For me? Why isn’t it safe for me?” George frowns.

“Sam’s pack will definitely come for you now that you have information about us,” Dream mumbles, rubbing the nape of his neck. “Last night, Foolish probably wasn’t alone.”

“What?” George whispers. “What do you mean he wasn’t alone?”

“Wolves rarely travel alone,” Dream shrugs and then he seems lost in deep thought. “I just haven’t figured out why they didn’t help him yet. Once I learn that, we might gain some leverage.”

“Okay, well,” George squints. “Do your little vampire thingy and erase my memory.”

There is unrest in the silence that greets George. He could drop a pin and it would be deafeningly loud. Dream is giving him the blankest of stares right now and George doesn’t like it because he’s usually the one on the giving end of these looks, not the receiving end.

“Do you really think we do that?”

“Well,” George blinks. “Yeah, that’s what all the movies and books say.”

“Oh, yeah, sure. We sparkle too and disintegrate in the sun,” Dream deadpans.

“Okay, no need to be a dick about it, *dick*,” George huffs. “How was I supposed to know that?”

“Because this is real life, not fiction?” Dream replies as if it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

George wants to argue against that for a second, but for the sake of not breaking the fourth wall, he keeps his sharp tongue in his mouth. In place of a witty comeback, he rolls his eyes for what feels like the hundredth time this week, and then waits for Dream to get to whatever point he’s trying to make.

“Actually, being in the sun stings like a bitch,” Dream shrugs and then lifts his pendant up to stare at the jewel. “That’s why I’ve got this little gem. Family heirloom.”

“You used to have it on a bracelet,” George mutters, eyes shifting down to Dream’s wrist where the bracelet no longer remains. “You lost it in a biology lab once in 7th grade and I thought you were a loser for crying about it.”

There’s more to that story. There’s the fact that George had found it because it had slipped out of Dream’s pocket and landed by George’s desk. There’s the fact that George had hid it out of spite because Dream had purposefully ruined his lab that day: knocked George’s beaker out of his hand twice and nearly caused him to get hurt. There’s the fact that George had refused to give it back until the next week when he planted it on Sapnap’s desk while the ravenette was distracted. There’s the fact that George had never confessed to doing any of it.

The guilt eats him slowly.

Dream looks surprised (and dare George say flustered?) over George’s sudden realization. “Well,” he says, pausing for a second to rethink his choice of words. “Yeah, but the necklace is cooler.”

Classic Dream. Evade everything embarrassing and then lie about the obvious. Anyone with a working brain cell could guess that Dream had stopped wearing the bracelet in favor of the necklace for reasons other than physical appearance. Dream, the popular 'it boy' athlete who can't piece together a good outfit for the life of him. Sounds too strange to be true and yet it is.

"Anyway," Dream clears his throat when he realizes he hasn't sold his act to George. "That's actually what I was gonna bring up."

George watches quietly as Dream stands up, shoves a hand into his pocket and sifts around. He pulls out that same bracelet from years ago and then slips it onto his own wrist. George furrows his eyebrows in confusion, but continues to remain silent and Dream reaches up, fingers fumbling for a few seconds before he unclasps his necklace.

"I want you to wear this," Dream says, holding up the necklace in front of him.

"What?" George asks, leaning backwards skeptically. "Why?"

"The heirlooms are connected by the gems," Dream explains, taking a step forward. "They were made from the same stone that was bewitched a long, long time ago."

George stands still as Dream makes his way to him and then carefully tugs him away from the dresser. He's still confused, but it seems like Dream isn't finished with his explanation, so he doesn't say anything lest he interrupts something important.

"If you wear it," Dream mumbles, sliding the accessory around George's neck and then carefully adjusting the clasp. "I'll know where you are."

"I don't know about this," George says honestly. Having Dream know where he is constantly feels more than just a little strange. "This is like an invasion of privacy."

"Don't worry," Dream whispers into his ear, turning both of them so that they're looking at one another through their respective reflections on George's mirror. "It'll only activate when you're in danger. It's a safety precaution."

George drops the clothes in his hand clumsily, but instead of bending down to pick it up, he places a hand on the necklace, tracing the engravings with a lone finger. The guilt from earlier reappears, making George's skin itch uncomfortably, and he counts himself down from ten before speaking.

"Dream, I'm sorry," George rushes to get out, turning around with the last bit of courage he has left to at least look the taller boy in the eye. "For that time- when you lost your bracelet for that week, it was my fault. I found it and I kept it because I was mad at you. It was a really shitty thing to do, I'm sorry. I just- I didn't know-"

George has a bad habit of trying to get every single thought out of his head when he apologizes. He's bad at them and he tries to make up for it by hitting every point he possibly can which only makes things worse by a tenfold. Rambling also leads him to repeat the same thing over and over again, even if he realizes what he's doing, and he doesn't stop until someone asks him to. But by then they're usually fed up.

"Hey," Dream says, effectively stopping George's run-on sentence. "It's okay. You didn't mean to."

Although George feels like he should say more, he knows that Dream probably doesn't wanna listen to him talk in circles for hours on end. So instead, he revisits a thought he had earlier, one that he forgot whilst listening to the rest of what Dream had to say.

"You said the sun hurt you," George mumbles quietly, not realizing he's leaning forward until Dream reaches out to cup his face. "How did it feel?"

"Hell, everyday," Dream says, brushing his thumb over George's cheek. "I spent most of my time in my room with the curtains shut, but every now and then, a trickle of sunlight would hit me and it would feel like I was on fire."

George makes an apologetic noise, unable to form a sentence that expresses just how guilty he feels for making Dream bear the pain. He leans into the fleeting touch of Dream's finger, hoping that the heat radiating off his cheeks will convey his embarrassment. Dream seems to pick up what George is subtly showing and stamps the pad of his thumb down on the supple flesh of George's cheek.

"If you think about it, that's probably why I've grown a good resistance to pain," Dream laughs, instantly killing whatever mood was previously in the room. "Do with that knowledge what you will."



“Gross,” George groans, not hesitating to actually push Dream this time. “What is wrong with you..”

Dream doesn't budge, remaining where he is: pressed against the dresser. It's George that gets reeled back from the shove, but the hand Dream has on his back pushes him forward again. George hates that he *doesn't* hate being this close to Dream. He's got a leg slotted in between the taller boy's longer, lankier pair and his hands have slid down to Dream's abdomen so that his chin can rest on his broad chest. The glare on George's face has yet to drop, but Dream seems unphased; receiving the same glare for nearly a decade builds resistance.

The silence that falls on them this time around is comforting. Things feel a lot more light-hearted and even though everything in George is telling him to get away before he gets weirdly attached, he grants himself this freedom for a little longer. He knows Dream could be lying about everything, he knows that Dream might just be doing everything for his personal gain, but those are worries for another time. For now, George wants to find solace in Dream's arms.

*“George? Oh, Georgie!”*

George groans at the sound of his roommates. Their horrific timing never fails to surprise George and sure, it's comical, he'll admit, but he does not have the time for this. He pulls away from Dream, raising a hand to tell the blonde to wait.

“What?” He yells back, clearly irritated because they *did* say they wouldn't be back for hours and yet here they are.

*“We forgot our keys! Can you pass us a set?”*

George stares at his door and then at Dream. He knows that if he lets Dream out of his sight, he's going to hop right out the window and they're going to diminish the minimal progress they've made towards whatever it is that *this* is. It's not like George wants to burn the bridge of hatred between them in lieu of something gentler. In fact, he doesn't think he'd be able to last a day around Dream without getting an insult in. However, having Dream become more tolerable is a tempting offer he can't pass.

So, he pushes away his pride, grabs Dream's wrist, and drags him out into the common room.

Karl's keys are resting on the kitchen island. George snatches them and then stomps his way down to the main door, swinging it wide open without waiting for Dream to react.

"Here," he says, slapping the key into Karl's hand and ignoring his roommates' wide, round eyes. "Bye."

He shuts the door before either of them can say anything and then is met with similar owlsh eyes when he turns around. Dream's mouth is gaping open and George knows the simile is "like a fish" but he sees him like more of a puppy. Dream might scowl at that though, given their close relatives.

"So," he says, leading them to the couch and then taking a seat. "Back to where we left off—is there anything else that you wanna say?"

Dream chews on his lower lip and then he reaches out carefully. His fingers turn the pendant of George's new necklace, once, twice, in an effort to calm himself down. George sits still, allowing Dream to do as he pleases, and he realizes that for someone who *loathes* physical touch and bats even his closest friends away when they get too near, he's letting Dream get awfully close to him today without putting up a fight.

Dream's still staring at the necklace once he finds the courage to speak, "This belonged to my little sister." Dream sighs, carefully approaching the topic. "Drista. She's dead because of me," Dream drops his hand altogether and George mindlessly chases it with one of his own. He can see Dream shaking. "I experienced my first bloodthirst the night I lost her."

"Bloodthirst?" George asks softly, brushing his thumb over Dream's knuckles.

Dream doesn't have to tell him any of this, that much George can tell. It's not the most relevant information in relation to how George can prevent himself from being killed, but George sees the way Dream's shoulders rise and fall. It seems like he's trying to push a heavy burden off his shoulders and while in any other circumstance, George would do the most to shove it right back onto Dream, he sits quietly and listens. Even rivalry should have its limits, he thinks.

So, if Dream wants to tell him this—if Dream wants to shine with vulnerability for once, under that mask of arrogance he always hides behind—then George will let him.

"An overwhelming desire to drink human blood," Dream explains, gaze unmoving from where it rests on their shy hands. "Some of us go on a killing frenzy. It's really hard to control, especially

the first one since it's a new experience."

His fingers tremble slightly, as if the memory is too hard for him to recall, "It felt like my entire body was on fire and my head was pounding. My parents had warned me about it but we didn't know when it would hit so when it did, I was all alone. I locked myself in my closet and I fought so, so hard to stop myself from doing something I'd regret."

George's chest tightens as he pictures a much younger Dream, curled up in the corner of his closet, experiencing such intense pain, but bearing it—all alone—to prevent himself from hurting anyone else. Such a burdensome responsibility weighing down on his shoulders at the age of 11. Although George has always known that Dream does the most to maintain the front he's always putting up, it's hard to picture Dream as anything else than his well-kept facade.

He doesn't necessarily mean that in a bad sense. Sure, Dream's skyscraping ego is a handful to bear, but there's respect to be given in the way he carries himself. Being co-captain of the football team, having a face that could be in movies, and the intelligence that guarantees a job right after graduation is going to garner you as much haters as there are fans. George wouldn't consider himself a hater, even with the amount of dislike he holds for Dream, because he knows that they're much, much worse to deal with. He's dealt with a fair share himself.

Dream must have his moments of vulnerability too, moments like this where he peels away the layers he buries himself under, and maybe this is his way of telling George that he's tired of shedding them alone.

"My parents were still out on a business trip that night," Dream grimaces, curling his fingers inwards until he forms a small fist. "I was supposed to pick her up from her friend's house, but I couldn't bring myself to move, so she tried to walk home alone," a fond laugh escapes him, but it lasts half a second and the smile it brings never reaches his eyes. "Always wanted to prove she was a big girl." The affection ebbs away for the return of everything that lies in the limbo of guilt and regret. "But she wasn't. I was supposed to protect her, but because I was too weak, she.."

A frown etches onto George's forehead and he makes his grip on Dream's hand more firm, turning his wrist so that he can pry Dream's fingers free from fist formation. "You're not seriously beating yourself up over that, are you? If you went out that day, you would've died too."

"That's *better*," Dream sighs, jerking in George's grip. It's not enough to fling the smaller man off. "Dying with her would've been better than letting her die alone."

"You didn't know," George says calmly, carefully maneuvering his hands until he's holding one of

Dream's wrists in each. "You said it yourself. Your bloodthirst was unpredictable, the first ones always are the hardest, and it exhausted you because you didn't want to hurt anyone. You're a good person, what happened is beyond your control."

"Doesn't feel like it," Dream mumbles, doubt intertwined with regret as they sneak across his visage, but he sits there idly, allowing George to rub soothing circles onto his wrists. "I'll never forgive myself."

George has never been the best with words, which often becomes an interference when he wants to comfort his friends, but with Dream that's not the case. He can tell that the younger prefers comfort in the form of actions and that speaking might only entice arguments. So naturally, he's about to suck in his pride and offer Dream a hug when the door jingles loudly. George jolts away from Dream right as it slams open, jumping up quickly to go investigate.

A loud groan leaves him.

Karl and Alex are in the middle of shuffling into the suite.

"You are *not* getting off that easily," Karl wags a finger at George and then nudges Alex with his elbow. "Tell him, dude."

"Yeah! You got a lot of explaining to do, classes can wait," Alex says, just as definitively. There's no room left to argue with either of them. "We leave for less than half an hour and you're inviting the so-called *enemy* into the house! And you tried to attack me when I joked about it earlier!"

"Can this wait until later?" George pleads, but his best friends continue to walk forward, forcing him back into the common area. "I'm a little-"

The wind howls menacingly from the open window and the thin curtain flails pathetically in response.

"-busy."

"Busy with what?" Alex scoffs, taking a seat on the now empty couch. He eyes George curiously for a few seconds and then his gaze travels around the room. "Where did Dream go?"

George feels his left eye twitch. That fucking *idiot* had run away without thinking, like a coward with not a single thought in his head, and now George was left to clean up the mess. Again. Well, George wouldn't be majoring in computer science if he wasn't an excellent problem solver, so there's that. Thankfully.

He slams the door to his room shut, acting suspicious on purpose, and catches the attention of his giddy best friends who look ready to pounce on him. "What?" He asks, feigning innocence. George prides himself in being a good actor. It's one thing to not appear guilty and it's another thing to appear guilty on purpose (while pretending you're trying not to be). "Why are you two looking at me like that?"

"George," Karl whines like a kicked puppy, gesturing towards the door behind the oldest of the three. "Why can't we all just talk about this? This is huge! Tell him to come out!"

George grimaces, raising his hands in surrender. "Fine, you caught me," he sighs and then a small smirk tugs on his lips. Nobody said he couldn't have his fun. "You interrupted us," he shrugs. "He needs to jack one off now." George has always been a firm believer in revenge. "What a shame. Now I can't hear all his pathetic noises." And the saying is 'revenge is best served cold' for a reason.

Karl blinks twice and then exchanges a look with Alex. Their expressions are a balanced mixture of surprise and disgust, displaying both their desire and hesitance to learn more. George decides he'll spare them the embarrassment of asking. Besides, spreading rumors about Dream is one of his favorite pastimes.

"Did you guys think he'd be the one begging? I didn't," George snickers, playing a nonchalant facade as he feeds into his friends' curiosity and horror. "All that height is for nothing when he's on his knees all the time."

"*Okay!*" Alex cuts in abruptly, having clearly heard enough to traumatize him for a lifetime. His hands are over Karl's ears because Karl is too occupied covering his own blushing face. "Too much information. We just wanted to know *why* you guys fucked, not *how*. Jesus."

George smiles to himself, pleased. He can see Karl reaching one hand into his pocket, probably to text Sapnap about all the details he'd just gotten out of George. That means it's only a matter of time before Dream finds out too and if George's speculations are correct, nothing about Dream's sex life is ever kept hidden from the entire football team and eventually the whole student body. George may have to bear with the humiliation of people thinking he had sex with Dream (again), but the benefits are much greater. Chipping away a man's ego is the best way to make him suffer

and with one as big as Dream's, the rewards are surely going to be more than just satisfactory.

Dream was going to feel the hot guilt of shame and George was going to watch.

It's funny how just a moment ago, they were curled up on the couch, almost tipping the scales towards friendship. Now, they've bounced back to mutual hatred and the fight for the upper hand.

And yet, George finds both experiences analogous to familiar hugs.

George doesn't think much of it when Dream greets him the next day by pinning him against the door of a vacant classroom in the art wing. He had gone in to retrieve a new set of chalk for his Humanities professor and somehow, Dream had found him. George had heard the door creak open and then lock shut, but he didn't have the time to react before Dream had slammed him against the wooden surface.

He tries not to think too much about Dream's large hands that rest on either side of his head and how they look, flexed in anger as they press against the door. It's hard to ignore the prominent tendons and veins that decorate his tanned hands, but he manages.

"Yes?" He looks up at Dream with a stoic expression and he knows what Dream is thinking. How *dare* George have the nerve to look bored? Oh, please.

There is a frown so heavily etched onto Dream's forehead, it's threatening to leave permanent creases. His lips are pressed into a thin line, eyes relaying the question he doesn't have the patience to ask. George rolls his own, raising a hand to press onto Dream's heaving chest. He gives a light

push, but Dream doesn't budge. He's not expecting the taller to, obviously, he's just trying to entice a verbal response by seeming too busy to entertain the vampire.

Dream presses harder, encasing George between him and the door until the brunet has barely any room to move. "Why?" He asks through grit teeth. George waits for him to get more specific, but it's clear that Dream's going to refuse saying anything more.

"You left me to explain your disappearance," George shrugs, dancing his fingers up Dream's chest until he can curl them around the collar of his grey t-shirt. "My mind was drawing a blank, Dreamie," George lies plainly, knowing Dream can see through him. "Didn't know what else to say. God forbid I release your big secret, right?"

He feels Dream's chest rise with the slow inhale he takes, clearly grasping onto thin ends when looking for self-restraint. George expects him to grunt an empty threat in his ear or maybe jostle him around a bit, do something to regain the pride that George had stolen from him, but Dream lets him go. George, squints, skeptical of the seemingly nonconsequential way out, but he can't seem to figure out what Dream is thinking.

George could turn the knob behind him and leave now, but he needs the stupid chalk from the cupboard. It's not just any chalk he can grab from another empty classroom either, it's colorful chalk. How stupid, honestly. They're not in primary school.

"Excuse me," he mutters with a roll of his eyes, shoving past Dream. As soon as he has his back turned at the blonde, the tides change.

He feels a wet, slimy texture plastered to his back and he shrieks, turning around to face Dream who has a guilty gloved hand soaked in red paint. Before he can realize his mistake, Dream uses his unfair speed to splatter another chunk of paint across the front of George's crewneck. Dream knows that the clothing is expensive, given by the way he smirks and dips his hand in the bucket of paint next to him again. He's being a dick on purpose.

George raises his arms, trying to cover his already ruined sweater. "What the fuck is wrong with you!" He hisses, glancing down to examine the mess on his sweater and pants. It's a miracle that his face is unscathed. "This is Givenchy, you fucking *asswipe!*"

"And this is Hermes," Dream replies cheekily, gesturing to his shirt with a shrug.

“Ugh!” George groans, turning around with a stomp of his foot so he can grab the box of chalk and leave the room. He storms past Dream, anything but sorry when he shoves his elbow against the boy’s chest way harsher than usual.

Dream doesn’t flinch. Of course he doesn’t. Stupid fucking supernatural dolt. Instead he remains smug, peeling the glove off of his hand. When he’s done, he presses a palm against the door again, effectively stopping George from leaving the room. George tries to swing the door open, but it refuses to even creak in effort, completely at the mercy of Dream’s strength.

“Fuck you, let me leave,” George huffs, tossing a glare over his shoulder.

“Like that?” Dream whistles at the trainwreck in front of him and then snags the box of chalk out of George’s hand before the shorter boy can react. “You look like you did everything *but* get the chalk. What’s your professor gonna think about this?”

As much as George hates to admit it, he knows Dream is right. Going back to class like this will definitely lead to a scolding from his professor and unflattering photos of him being spread. He’s stuck. He doesn’t have spare clothes packed because why would he and he also doesn’t exactly have time to run back to his dorm. The only person that could pull that off is Dream, but is he really going to beg for Dream’s help?

“Need an outfit change, Georgie?” Dream asks, leaning in to flick at the pendant of the necklace he gave George.

“You know I do, fucker,” George bats Dream’s hand away with a scowl. “Hurry up, I don’t have all day.”

Dream hums in thought and leans back, tapping his chin with a lone finger. “I think you’re forgetting something,” Dream says, cocky and condescending. George wants to punch him. “A specific word.”

The last thing George wants to do is give into Dream’s ego trip by doing what he wants, but he has no other choice. It’s either deal with this asshole or deal with 100 more, one of them being his professor.

“Please,” George whispers faintly.



Dream raises an eyebrow, probably wanting George to repeat it louder. George doesn't give him that and only narrows his eyes challengingly, a silent promise that Dream will regret pushing his buttons. Normally, that doesn't phase Dream, but something flickers in Dream's gaze today and he listens, much to George's relief. George feels a rush of wind hit his face as the door swings open and Dream disappears. He manages to count to twenty before Dream returns, a new set of clothes in his hands.

"Your window was locked," Dream complains, transferring the clean shirt and jeans from his grasp over to George's. "Lucky for you, I had this set from the other day and past-me was kind enough to wash them."

The clothes reek of Dream's laundry detergent. It's pretty obvious what people are going to think when George walks into class in a new set of clothes, not smelling like expensive cologne. There's also the small group of creepy fans that Dream has who know exactly what he smells like and if George has the unfortunate pleasure of passing by them, things are going to travel south quickly.

"Thanks," George says, placing the clothes down on the desk closest to him before reaching for the hem of his shirt and tugging it up halfway. He pauses before he can tug it off fully because Dream has yet to leave the room and simply stares. "Okay, well, get out."

"Right," Dream coughs and George gives him a weird look. He swears that Dream's cheeks turn a shade darker and it's strange because his usual collected demeanor is slipping. "Yeah, I'll just- you got it."

Another cold gust of wind and Dream is gone. The door is also closed with its lock courteously turned shut. George bites back the stupid smile fighting to crawl onto his face. It's unfair that Dream can be both aggravating and cute, but then again, so are most boys.

George sighs, yanking the crewneck over his head and replacing it with the same shirt from days ago. Dream's scent hits him in waves and George gags. It's not that Dream smells bad, it's just that the scent is so strong, even stronger than when it clings onto the boy himself. It's not a reach to assume that Dream wasn't aware he was supposed to use less detergent with smaller piles of clothes. So, in other words, he excels in everything except basic life skills.

George doesn't know why he finds himself giggling fondly at the thought.

For someone with a bounty over his head, things progress relatively smoothly for George. Well, as smooth as things can be when you've got a vampire trailing behind you like a lost duckling. George has had his fair share of sticky situations in the past, but nothing really compares to trading his blood for protection. To be fair, Dream doesn't *ask* him for blood, George just feels obligated to offer. Dream has been very diligent in keeping George out of harm's way, the least he can do is deal with a small 'boo boo' to help fix all the injuries Dream sustains from his fights.

Don't get him wrong, he still hates Dream and if he weren't at the risk of dying nearly every day, he would probably be trying to stay as far away from the blonde as possible. Sure, sometimes he thinks that he might actually like being friends with Dream, but those thoughts are usually squashed the moment Dream opens his mouth. The relationship they have now, something like a mutually beneficial partnership, is fitting enough. Dream has become less insufferable, but the two of them still banter as much as they breathe.

"Are you seriously keeping this up?" George asks with a raised eyebrow when he meets Dream outside of his class.

Since the incident, Dream has been picking him up from each of his classes and walking him to his next ones. Not to mention he's walked him to and from his dorm as well. It's not bothersome, despite sparking rumors, because they're all ones that George has heard before. Everyone's convinced themselves that he and Dream are dating and while George thinks the idea is preposterous, he can't blame them for assuming such. It's been approximately a month since the two of them have been attached at the hip, directly contradicting how much they claim to loathe each other.

If only everyone really knew the reason behind them dancing around each other so much.

"You know it," Dream chirps, sticking his hand out for George's bag. That part is unnecessary and George has said this, but Dream seems to be thriving off the hushed whispers around them. "Hurry, my professor already thinks I have a wazz problem."

“Wazz problem?” George repeats with a laugh, shrugging off the strap of his bag so that Dream can grab ahold of it. “Wouldn’t be the only problem affiliated with your dick,” he teases, speaking extra loud on purpose so that the group of cheerleaders loitering nearby can hear. “Aren’t I right, Dreamie?”

This is a new bit that they’ve incorporated into their snide gibes. If everyone thinks you’re sleeping together and you can’t vehemently deny it, rather than try extra hard to one-up your old insults, you might as well adapt. In other words, make fun of how they are in the bedroom. The hypothetical bedroom.

“Haha,” Dream laughs sarcastically, pairing it off with a smile that’s too tight to be sincere. George swells triumphantly, but it’s short-lived. Dream shifts next to him and abruptly after, George feels a sting on his left asscheek. “I have to admit,” the younger boy breathes into George’s ear and while nobody else can hear his taunts, George thinks this predicament is somehow much worse. “I prefer that mouth of yours when you’re on your knees for me, my sweet.”

George’s legs freeze, as if someone had nailed him to the ground, and at first, he’s not able to even process what had just happened. Dream is a few feet ahead of him already, walking the practiced route to George’s dorm, while George is still in the same spot he had been in when Dream decided to *smack his ass*.

“You are *such* a fucking *prick!*”

When they reach George’s dorm, George’s legs are killing him. Dream has no consideration for the shorter man, clearly, because he keeps at his regular pace and George struggles to match it, given that he has to take two steps for each one that Dream takes. He’s trying his best not to pant once they finally come to a halt and Dream doesn’t pay him any mind, simply waiting for him to open the door.

“I still think we should tell them,” Dream says. He slips the brunet’s bag off of his shoulder, waiting to drop it off inside. “It’ll make it easier for us to protect them. Sapnap’s practically jumping backflips trying to do it from the shadows.”

“No,” George replies firmly, like he always does when this topic comes up. He jingles the key in the keyhole for a second and then pushes the door open after hearing the click. “I got in more danger because I learned about things, I don’t want the same to happen to them.”

“They’re already in danger. Sam definitely knows that they’re important to you,” Dream sighs, inviting himself inside like he always does so that he can steal a bowl of ice cream from George’s fridge. It always surprises George that a ‘creature of the night’ (at least that’s the ridiculous way Dream puts it to sound intimidating) has such a sweet tooth for mortal savory treats. “He’ll use them to get to you and then use you to get to me. I don’t want him to get me.”

“Should’ve thought about that before you put my life in danger, huh,” George snorts, tossing his keys onto the kitchen table and then sliding himself up onto the counter. He watches as Dream grabs a spoon from one of the drawers, already accustomed to the ins and outs of George’s suite. “Then again, you don’t do much thinking, do you?”

Dream turns around, spoon tucked in his mouth as he feigns a sweet smile at George and slams the drawer shut. He reaches up, plucking the spoon out and using it to scoop a bit of the ice cream out of the bowl, before giving George a pointed look that says he *has* a remark, but he’s saving it for a better occasion. One where there’s more of an audience for him to humiliate George in front of. George scoffs.

The heat is unbearable. George has gotten used to sealing the windows shut everytime he leaves the dorm per Dream’s request. Karl and Alex have always been in favor of using the aircon, so they weren’t really put off by George’s spontaneous vendetta against windows. Things always seem to work out somehow and George has this awful feeling that one day, that’s going to stop being the case.

Dream places the bowl of icecream down momentarily to shrug off his jacket and toss it onto the table next to George. He makes quick work of nudging one of the windows in the common area open before returning to the kitchen with an exasperated sigh. “I’m gonna melt,” he wails childishly, reaching for the handle to the fridge again. “You need to get more ice cream.”

“I need to- you’re the one eating it!” George replies in disbelief. “Go get it yourself!”

Dream sticks his tongue out at him and then plops another big scoop of ice cream into his bowl, followed by a second and then a third. When he resumes devouring his dessert, a ringtone echoes in the suite. George startles, feeling the vibrations on the table that he’s sitting on, and then locates the faint glow of the phone screen from Dream’s jacket. With an unamused snort, he reaches into the pocket and pulls out the blonde’s phone, swiping to answer. Dream motions lazily for him to hit the speaker button.

“Dude, are you fucking *insane*? Clay!” Sapnap’s shrill voice cuts in and Dream raises an eyebrow, just as confused as George is. “Alyssa told me about your stupid-”

A strangled cough sounds from Dream as he slams the bowl down onto the counter behind him and then lunges forward, grabbing the phone out of George's hand. George leans back, frightened by the sudden spectacle. Dream's clownery lands him with ice cream on his shirt and slurred words from the spoon still in his mouth.

"Not now," Dream laughs nervously, the phone now by his ear and no longer on speaker. "I'm at George's." He sounds far too suspicious for George to not be nosy, so when he finally glances at the older boy, George raises an eyebrow. Dream purses his lips together, knowing he's been caught, but continues to whisper in failed secrecy. "What? No, I'm not giving it to him!"

"Who?" George asks, folding his arms over his chest. He has a hunch that they're talking about him, a hunch that's confirmed when Dream gives him a pleading look and then returns to his conversation.

"I said not *now*, Sap- Hello?" Dream pauses, "Hello?"

He pulls his phone away from his ear and then frowns at his screen. George makes the assumption that Sapnap has hung up on him and he's about to seize the opportunity to grill the information out of Dream when *his* phone starts ringing. A look of fear flashes across Dream's face and time seems to enter a standstill while George's phone continues to buzz from his bag in the hallway.

George sees Dream's fingers twitch and before he can use that obnoxious speed of his to reach George's phone, George moves first. He slips off the table and then grabs Dream by the shirt, yanking the taller boy down until their noses brush against each other. He can see surprise replace the fear in Dream's eyes and he thinks fast, not wanting to lose this upperhand just yet.

"Clay," he whispers, noticing the way Dream's breath hiccups at the sound of his real name falling from George's lips. "Have I ever told you.." he trails off, fingers waltzing up Dream's chest until they drum along the crook of the vampire's unblemished neck. "That I find you really," his other hand squeezes around Dream's bicep, "*really* hot?"

Supernatural or not, Dream is a *man* before anything and George knows how to get things he wants from men. Slowly, Dream's eyes drift down until they're blatantly staring at George's lips, which the brunet has taken the time to roll his tongue over. The longer Dream stares, the closer George draws, until they're a hair's breadth away from kissing. It should confuse George why Dream, who has worked his hardest over the years to make George's life a living hell, is so willing to be in this position right now.

However, George had always known that the tension rising between them was bound to reach a breaking point. He'd simply thought it would be in the form of a fight.

The second Dream finally gives in, sealing his eyes shut and encouraging George to inch that last bit forward, George freezes. His plan was to pull away and grab the phone while Dream's guard was down, but for some reason, he can't bring himself to follow through.

So, maybe, he feels the pull between them just as strongly as Dream does.

The phone continues to ring, but instead of prompting George to reach for it, it lulls George into closing his own eyes.

His first thought, after tipping his chin up and sealing their lips together, is that Dream tastes sweeter than he would've imagined. It's not like he expects Dream to taste of metallic blood mixed with whatever else defines a vampire, in fact, he hadn't expected Dream to taste like anything at all. Bland or maybe like the ice cream he was eating at most.

Yet vanilla has never tasted so sweet.

Part of George thinks that this has to do with pheromones. Similar to the way Dream had been able to give pleasure through pain, maybe this was Dream's way of enticing his prey: by leaving a taste they would never get tired of. When teeth come out to play, tugging at George's bottom lip slyly, George's mind travels to all the rumors he's ever heard of Dream's sexual affairs. He wonders if Dream is this way with everyone he kisses, everyone he fucks.

George frowns at the bitter taste that creeps into the back of his mouth and he parts his lips, allowing Dream to slip his tongue in and erase any sour remnants produced by his thoughts. It shouldn't matter that Dream is probably kissing him the same way he kisses everyone else. He tries to convince himself that it's the heat of the moment that's making him worry over trivial matters and that he doesn't really care what Dream does with other people.

But it's hard to do when Dream holds him like he's different.

Dream nudges himself closer, pinning George against the counter behind him carefully. He slots a thigh between George's leg and his large hands settle over George's hips, rough enough to bruise. He's eager, parting from George's lips only to inhale sharply and then delve right back in. George matches his fervor, unsure hands sliding all over Dream's torso until they finally come to a rest

right at the hem of the taller boy's shirt. He feels Dream groan into the kiss, tongue hesitating as it curls around George's, before his hips stutter with anticipation.

George pulls away smugly, "Something you want, Dream?"

Dream refuses to say anything, eyes still staring at George's lips, which are swollen and smeared with saliva. George moves his hands down lower, the heels of his palms digging into the dip of Dream's v-line while his fingers slip under Dream's loose shirt. He hears Dream whine above him and the muscles underneath his hands flex, eager for whatever George is about to offer him.

George tosses a glance at the clock hanging above the TV. It's a quarter to six, which means Karl and Alex won't be home for another hour. He has time.

However, with the column of his neck exposed, George is unfortunately vulnerable and Dream is impatient. So the small power he's granted is stripped away from him quickly. Dream's fangs are tucked away, blunt teeth being the only thing that meets George's neck when the taller boy nips away unforgivingly. George gasps, knees buckling as he leans more of his weight onto the table behind him so that he doesn't fall. Dream seems to have other plans, one hand sliding up George's back at a tauntingly slow pace until it reaches the top of George's head. Fingers sift through brunet curls and then form a tight grip, yanking George's head back until it's tilted at an awkward angle.

His neck is bare, all for Dream to explore and claim. George feels Dream's tongue lap over marked areas, soothing the skin by erasing the burning sensation left by his mischievous teeth. Every now and then, Dream is kind enough to apply gentle suction as well, causing George to feel light-headed from the ecstasy that greets him. He's a little disappointed that Dream hasn't done the one thing he'd expected him to do—bite him until he draws blood—but he might not last long if that were to happen.

"What I want," Dream mumbles, kissing his way up George's jaw until his lips are right by George's ear. "Is for you to get on your knees."

The hand Dream has on his hair tugs again, but instead of yanking George away, it pulls him down. George finds himself mindlessly complying, lowering himself down until his knees uncomfortably hit the marbled floor. Dream's hand drops down to curl around George's chin, thumb brushing under George's lip, and George parts his lips, tongue peeking out to invite Dream to rest his finger inside the welcoming heat of his mouth.

Dream presses his thumb down on George's tongue, allowing the older boy to pull it into his mouth, cheeks hollow as he slowly bobs his head back and forth. The salty taste becomes

addictive, but the concentrated look on Dream's face as he fucks his finger into George's mouth is more memorable. George feels a dangerous heat coil in the bottom of his stomach, asking quietly to be recognized, but he doesn't dare touch himself just yet. Right now, his focus is on the man standing in front of him with his eyebrows pinched together and lips parted in awe as he watches George put his mouth to work.

George likes being watched, he likes having eyes on him, and Dream enjoys watching.

"Let's get you something that better fits that slutty mouth of yours, yeah?" Dream mumbles, slipping his thumb out of George's mouth slowly. There's a resounding pop that's lewd enough to come across as a dare.

*Do something.*

Dream's fingers fiddle with his zipper, teasingly sliding it up and down and admiring the way George's eyes follow, glassy with want and frustration. The button comes undone with ease and Dream hooks his thumbs into the waistband of his jeans, sliding along the lining as if he's contemplating tugging them down.

George grows fed up quickly, tired by the relentless teasing, and makes the impulsive decision to reclaim the reins. His hands hastily pull Dream's jeans down until they bunch by his knees and linger while he shamelessly eyes the outline of Dream's cock as it strains against his dark grey briefs. Dream laughs breathlessly, impressed by George's quick slip of composure, and his cockiness only grows at George's silent praise.

"Like what you see, princess?" Dream asks and he lazily grabs his dick through his briefs, dragging his hand slowly up the impressive size. He's clearly big, maybe bigger than George has ever taken down his throat, and that does *things* to George.

He's not sure if he's more worried or aroused.

"I don't see anything," George scoffs, but his remark is weak and the fact that he's practically eye-fucking Dream through those thin boxers of his is not helping his case. "Can you hurry up before I get bored?"

That elicits another laugh from Dream, conceited and amused, like he knows George is bluffing. His fingers press against the outline of the tip of his cock and George watches the area dampen



slightly from the precum that has collected there. George should flinch in disgust, but he finds it hot. That thought embarrasses him and he casts his eyes down, observing the way his knees are turning a darker hue, telling him that they'll bruise if he remains on his knees any longer.

He hears the snap of elastic and in his peripheral vision, he can see Dream's briefs join his jeans. Dream huffs out a breath of air and George snaps his head up, not wanting to miss any of Dream's expressions, no matter how minimal. Dream offers him a small smile when he catches George staring and then leisurely guides their gazes down to his cock that rests heavily in his loose fist.

George wants to replace Dream's hand with his own. (And his mouth.)

"I would never wanna make you bored of me," Dream mumbles, steadily working his fist up and down the length of his dick. When he reaches the leaking tip, he pinches it gently and George finds himself staring at the bead of precum that slips down the side of Dream's cock, right by the vein that George wants so badly to trace his tongue over. "Go on. Have your fun, baby doll."

George wastes no time in curling his own fingers around Dream's cock, marveling at how small his hand looks in comparison to Dream's. His fist is just barely big enough to cover the width of Dream's dick and that makes his mouth water. He knows to take his time, wanting this to last while it can. They might not be able to do more than messy blow jobs, but there's at least enough time for George to enjoy himself, so he does.

George tests the waters by gently tightening his fist. The sound that leaves Dream is heavenly and George looks up, peeking his tongue out to wet his lips in awe when he catches sight of the blonde hunched over him. Dream's hands are resting on the counter above George's head and George can tell that he's digging his fingers into the surface by the way his veins pop along his forearm. George thinks it's illegal for Dream to be this attractive, especially when his personality is rotten.

He leans in until his lips ghost over Dream's tip and then he blows gently, giggling when Dream's body tenses up at the chill feeling of wind hitting his sensitive member. To get back for Dream's mischief from earlier, George maintains the distance while he hovers his mouth over the side of Dream's cock. His fingers take pity on the shuddering boy above him, stroking ever so gently now and then to grant the littlest bits of friction, but other than that, he keeps the touches scarce.

Dream thrusts a hand down and George finds himself being pushed forward until his lips meet Dream's swollen tip. George parts his lips to scold at Dream's manhandling, but all that does is give Dream the greenlight to push himself into George's tempting cavern.

"Trust me, sweetheart," Dream grunts, inching deeper and deeper until George's jaw goes slack,

inviting Dream to push in as far as he wants. “You don’t want to test me.”

George’s lips stretch uncomfortably around Dream’s cock, trying to adjust to the size. He tries not to make a face because if Dream finds out he’s big enough to feel foreign to George’s mouth, the condescending remarks will be endless. He also might try to pull out and that’s the last thing George wants right now.

It’s not like the burn is unbearable anyway; if anything, George likes it. He likes the pain that’s always interlocked with pleasure when it comes to Dream.

Dream waits once he’s seated halfway inside of George’s mouth, resting heavily on George’s tongue. George squeezes his fist, telling Dream that he can take more, and then he slides that hand over to Dream’s hip, waiting obediently for Dream’s next move.

“Fuck,” Dream curses, steadily moving George’s head forward until finally, he’s fully sheathed inside of the wet heat. “Wish you could see yourself right now. So pretty for me.”

The praise beckons a moan out of George and the vibrations seem to work miracles for Dream. A needy sigh slips out of him and George glances up through his lashes, lips tight around Dream’s cock. The image causes Dream to hit the back of George’s throat with one accidental, but swift thrust, and George tries to bat away the tears that prick his eyes.

*Again*, he begs with his eyes, trying to take Dream in a little deeper, but being physically unable to. Dream picks up on the request quickly and catches his lower lip between his teeth, pupils dilating from the extra drop of lust that pools in. The hand in George’s hair moves carefully and when there’s a firm grip keeping George in place, Dream tentatively bucks his hips forward.

George flutters his eyes shut, in love with the feeling of Dream’s heavy cock gliding roughly against his tongue and the insides of his cheeks. He could get used to this, he thinks, relaxing in Dream’s touch so that he has an easier time thrusting in and out of George’s mouth. The pace grows over time as Dream gains confidence. George’s little punched out moans reassure him that he’s not hurting him and that’s what eggs him to fuck the lax mouth harder and harder in search of the unclear limit.

It doesn’t come. Despite the streaks of shed tears staining his cheeks, George sits there, happily taking whatever Dream gives him. *More*, he prompts by lightly digging his nails into Dream’s skin, *more, more, more*. It’s never enough, not even when he can feel himself getting light-headed from the lack of oxygen.

“You feel so good,” Dream praises, punctuating his words with stable thrusts. The final one hits harder than the rest and for the first time that evening, George gags, having to pull off Dream's cock.

His lips are still spread open when Dream's tip slips out, drool dribbling down from the reddening corners of his mouth, and a string of saliva connects his tongue to Dream's cock. George can't see himself, but he's sure that the sight is unforgettable because Dream moans softly, watching as George scrambles to regain his breath.

“I've got a little bit of experience,” George shrugs. His voice is a little hoarse, throat strained from overexertion, but that only serves to fuel the hunger inside of Dream. George finds himself being yanked forward again and Dream uses his free hand to carefully tap his tip against George's bruised bottom lip.

“Open up,” the command is simple and George complies because he's yet to have had enough as well. Dream tastes better this time around, but George thinks that's the haze of arousal catching up to him. “A bit of experience, huh? I bet you have. Whorish mouth like yours always needs something inside of it, right?”

To prove a point, Dream rolls his hips forward and with one fluid thrust, George's nose threatens to prod against Dream's naval. The movement is much smoother now, the excess amount of precum and spit working as lubricant to make the friction bearable. George's gag reflexes don't act up this time and he wiggles his tongue along the underside of Dream's cock.

Both of Dream's hands come to rest on George's head and George feels the fingertips graze against his scalp roughly, scared about being too harsh, but losing the battle against self-restraint. George drops his hands to the back of Dream's thighs where he imprints crescent marks; it's not enough to break the skin and they'll disappear in a few seconds, so there's nothing to worry about.

It takes every bit of strength George has left to keep his gaze trained on Dream's face. The younger of the two has his eyes squeezed shut, face scrunched up in pleasure, and there's beads of sweat collecting on his forehead from the immense heat he's dealing with at the pit of his stomach. Every now and then, he'll part his quivering lips to let out noise that sounds too melodious to be drenched in sin and George will yearn.

The build up is gradual, Dream's hips stuttering with every thrust, and George feels his own hardened cock weep pathetically inside his jeans from cruel neglect. Right as he's about to sneak a hand down so that he can grant himself some sort of release, there's a loud tapping from the window.

Dream freezes and his grip on George's hair falls, hands scrambling up to land on the table in a poor effort to appear natural. George blinks twice, unaware of what's happening, but just to be cautious, he slowly drags Dream out of his mouth, trying his best not to make any noise.

"Dude," Sapnap's voice echoes in the apartment and George hears a pair of footsteps approach the kitchen counter. "You need to come with me, now."

George watches Dream shift the weight of his leg, edging closer to the table so that the risk of Sapnap seeing him half naked lessens a little bit. George awkwardly shifts backwards, head hitting a hard surface with a soft thud. It doesn't hurt, but it does irritate George and he glares at Dream, but the blonde isn't paying any attention to him.

"Now?" he hears Dream ask weakly. "Like *now*, now?"

A devilish grin creeps onto George's face as he formulates the perfect plan for revenge. He pushes at the back of Dream's thighs, causing the vampire to stumble forward, and then he parts his lips expectantly. To tease Dream further, he lets him know of his plans with a kittenish lick to the slit of Dream's cock and Dream slams a fist against the table.

"Yeah, *now*, now," Sapnap replies, sounding a little confused by Dream's sudden outburst.

When George hears Dream struggle to form an explanation for himself, he sinks his mouth right back onto the twitching cock in front of him. Dream sighs at the feeling and he shuffles a bit, allowing George to maneuver himself easier. George manages to catch the deadly look Dream quickly sends him the next time he pulls away and he giggles, pressing a teasing kiss to the head before taking the entire length into his mouth again, letting it rest there lazily.

"You really should tell George about this," Sapnap interjects and George hears him a lot clearer now. Adrenaline pumps through his veins at the thought of Sapnap loitering on the other side of the table, leaning over to talk to Dream. One extra push, one look down, and they'd be caught.

"I don't think I should," Dream says honestly and George frowns at that. The idea of being left in the dark does not sit well with him and to retaliate, he pulls back his lips and lightly scrapes the sides of Dream's cock with his teeth.

"Fuck," Dream curses breathlessly and George sees him feign a smile at Sapnap, who's probably

asking for an explanation. “I mean, fuck, yeah, you’re probably right.”

Satisfied, George eases up and licks forgivingly over the same places his teeth had just grazed. He makes sure to soothe them with his spit slicked lips as well, granting Dream the pleasure of a particularly harsh suck. To avoid the lewd pop, he relaxes his lips before moving again, but Dream seems to have other plans. The younger boy wiggles a hand down discreetly while Sapnap’s in the middle of talking and George feels himself getting pushed so far down, his nose finally touches Dream’s skin.

And then Dream holds him there mercilessly.

George feels the air slowly leave his lungs while his jaw strains to hold Dream’s large size. The longer Dream remains, the harder it is for George to breathe and the more his throat burns from the rough treatment. George squeezes his eyes shut, fingers clawing into Dream’s skin, and tries his best to stay still because any friction only spurs on his gag reflex, making it even harder for him to move.

His brain feels like putty from thoughts of Dream using him for his own pleasure. Images of Dream holding him down like this—except with his cock stretching him out elsewhere and reaching in even deeper—infiltrate his mind until George is squirming with need.

After a few more seconds, George tries to pull away, feeling tears spring out of his eyes. It’s not that he can’t take it, it’s just that he knows they’re going to get caught if Dream forces him to stay any longer. Dream doesn’t budge, only forcing George down further, and it takes George pinching his thigh for Dream to finally relent.

“Meet me at the dorm, quickly,” Sapnap says, his voice getting fainter and fainter until George hears the squeak of his living room’s window. “Alyssa’s waiting.”

The next second, Dream leans back, eyes narrowed as he looks down at George. The brunet sits there, mouth full of cock, and cheeks flushed so heavily from the heat building up from within. Dream wets his lips with his tongue and then he moves his hips forward, expectantly brushing the head of his dick against George’s lips again.

“Couldn’t just behave, could you? Had to go and be an annoying brat,” Dream spits out, pushing himself back into the addictive warmth. George doesn’t have a reply and Dream scoffs, pace slow as he fucks into George’s mouth, making sure each thrust is hard enough to ensure that George’s throat remembers the shape of his cock the morning after.

The chase to Dream's release is much quicker this time, already having been on edge from before, and George relishes in the feeling of Dream's cock dragging against his tongue with each frenzied thrust. When Dream cums, part of it is down George's throat and part of it is over his fucked out face. George feels the sticky substance smear over his cheeks, weigh down on his lashes, and even cling to his fringe. It's dirty, but he loves it.

What he doesn't love is the way Dream ushers him onto his feet, stealing a quick kiss from his swollen lips and then struggles to pull his pants up without regard for George's painful erection.

"You were amazing," Dream whispers, landing another chaste kiss to George's forehead, just barely missing the remnants of his orgasm. "I'll explain everything later, promise, Alyssa's waiting."

And just like that, he's gone, out the window, leaving George to deal with his own problem alone.

George wets a paper towel with tap water and then drags it across his face, wiping away Dream's mess with his lips downturned. He shouldn't care, he knows that. They hate each other and they relieved some of their frustration with a quick blow job. It doesn't have to mean anything.

So why does his chest feel so heavy?

When George enters his room later to relieve himself of his problem, he gives up halfway, exhausted and no longer in the mood. He leaves the window in his room open, but Dream doesn't come back.

George pulls the covers over his head and sleeps away the sadness that never leaves.

When George means never, he really *does* mean never.

After that day, Dream yanks them back to square one. In other words, they immediately return to what they were prior to George finding out about his 'deepest, darkest secret'.

The day immediately after the incident, George waits for Dream to pick him up, which he hardly ever does. Dream doesn't arrive. He waits two minutes after his class for Dream to pick him up there. Dream doesn't arrive. He even tries to wait after his last class in case Dream shows up to walk him home. Dream doesn't arrive.

Naturally, his mind shoots to the gutter and he texts Dream, wanting to make sure that he isn't dead in a ditch somewhere. He stresses out over not getting a reply the entire day, worrying his lower lip swollen, and even practicing different ways of getting Sapnap's number out of either Karl or Alex, only for Dream to reply around midnight saying he's fine.

So, yeah, the sadness lingers. Except George doesn't present sadness as sadness of course, he presents it as anger.

He doesn't go crawling to Dream's doorstep, asking for an explanation. He doesn't seek him out, doesn't text him, doesn't even spare him a glance. They banter like normal, but even then it's scarce and George takes the first exit ticket out of the conversation.

It's no surprise when George begins hearing rumors about Dream and the cheerleading captain again and when he hears them flirting in the back corner of the library, he feels more numb than upset. Dream wasn't his, clearly, and George didn't want him to be.

Or he *shouldn't* want Dream to be (but he does).

It's a realization that has sent George into many, many late night spirals. Behind closed eyes, Dream greets him with that infamous grin of his, sharp and taunting. His low voice entrances George and persuades him into committing himself to guilty pleasure, sinning into the touch of his own hands while pretending they were Dream's.

George jerks off to the thought of Dream while Dream's probably in between someone else's legs that same night. It's pathetic.

"Not in the mood today," George chirps, pushing past Dream in the hallway when the blonde leans in, probably aiming to jab at George's outfit.

He's been doing that a lot more recently which is new. It's also stupid since Dream doesn't dress well, so he is in no place to be talking about how *George* dresses, especially when George pays *extra* care to what he wears *all* the time. If anything, he's been even more invested in trends and shopping ever since the incident. Riches to forget bitches or whatever.

He looks cute—he always looks cute—and that's all that matters. He doesn't know what Dream is smoking.

Today he's tried extra hard to look cute because he has plans. Plans that involve finding someone to take him home for the night and erase the last few traces Dream has left on his body. The stench has remained on his body for weeks, no matter how hard he tries to scrub it off.

The weather is warm, inviting him to a whole array of opportunities. George goes for the most obvious because sometimes, that's the most effective. A baby blue, high-waisted pleated skirt paired with thin thigh-high stockings of the same shade. His top is less glamorous, bland and white, but cropped to compliment the skirt. His shoes are plain but in fashion: white platform sneakers that grant him the extra inch or two of height he needs to make his legs look longer. He wants eyes on him, but he doesn't want to stick out like a sore thumb. The line between the two is thin and George is known for dangerously balancing on it.

Dream's necklace didn't make the cut and so it rests forgotten in George's bag.

He meant to return it, he did, but the task is inherently difficult when all he wants to do is run whenever he sees the blonde.

"Oh, come on," Dream says, not getting the hint and jogging up to walk beside George. It's lunchtime for both of them, so George can't escape like he usually does by dashing into his next classroom and he's forced to listen. "I wasn't gonna start anything."

"Don't care," George tries again, turning the corner sharply.



He hears Dream make a noise of confusion because the tables they sit at are in the opposite direction. George is obviously *not* headed there because that's just signing himself up for another hour of pointless bickering with Dream and the quicker George can get Dream out of his sight, the better. So, he heads for the library, because at least if they're there, the librarian will step in when Dream's being too loud.

Part of him tells him that Dream will manage to charm his way out of that scenario, but George doesn't have many options.

"I was gonna say you looked good, Georgie," Dream pipes up again and it makes George stop in his tracks. "I think the skirt *really* suits you."

There's something dripping from the way Dream praises George. His voice is barely above a whisper, making sure only George can hear the words that come out of his mouth, which only increases their effectiveness. George hates his body for betraying him. He shudders, wanting to hear more compliments leave Dream, but then reminds himself that he is more than just a second option.

He deserves more than the leftovers that Dream is offering him.

Thankfully, the hallway they're in is vacant when George snaps. "Can you just leave me *alone*?"

He fights the blush that creeps up his neck and balls his hands into little fists so that Dream can't see the way his fingers tremble. He can tell that he's caught Dream off guard, even if the taller boy does his best to hide it, because George is too observant not to see Dream's lips twitch, dropping any trace of his previous smile.

"It's just nonstop with you isn't it," George tosses his hands in the air, exasperated. "You've been a constant pain in my ass for years. When are you going to just fucking *grow up*?" He's really getting started now. "Everyday it's the same bullshit with you. You're so annoying! It's because of you I got into this-" he pauses briefly to pull the collar of his shirt down, showing off Dream's last bite marks that have yet to heal. "-stupid fucking mess! You put my life and the lives of my friends in danger, asshole! And you think I enjoy this? You making my life Hell all the time for no reason other than to stroke your gigantic fucking ego?"

"George-"

“Shut the fuck up, Dream! For once, just shut the fuck up, *please*. God, I hate you. I hate you so fucking much. I-”

George pauses, trying to find the right words. He’s dropped his gaze by now, unable to meet Dream’s as he spews vile remarks one after the other from pent up frustration, but he musters up the courage to face Dream head on with his final statement.

“I wish I’d never fucking met you.”

Something between them breaks then, like a twig snapped in half. Dream’s eyes are downcast and George can’t help but look away himself. That bridge between them burns.

“I went to talk to Sam,” Dream mumbles quietly. “It was a misunderstanding. He thought I attacked Foolish first.”

George isn’t in the right state of mind to process Dream’s information. All he can understand is that he’s safe and so he swings his bag to the front, yanks the zipper open, and shoves his arm inside to find the forgotten necklace.

“Great,” George spits out, holding Dream’s heirloom in front of him. “Then you can have this back and we shouldn’t have any reason to talk to each other again.”

Dream grabs his wrist and George’s breath hitches when the taller boy pulls him in close, golden eyes surveying him with heavy judgement. “Why are you acting like this?”

“Because,” George begins, wetting his lips with his tongue as he tries to lean away from Dream. “I’m fed up.”

Their proximity is far too close for George’s liking. He can feel Dream’s breath fan across his lips and it’s too reminiscent of the last time they’d been alone together. He shakes his hand weakly, signaling for Dream to let go, but the vampire is stubborn.

“Oh, really?” Dream asks, not believing a word that comes out of George’s mouth, and he’s getting closer.

“It’s been years, I’m sick of it,” George says, turning his head so that he no longer has to look Dream in the eyes, and it causes Dream’s lips to glide against his jawline.

A gust of wind breezes past them and the next thing George feels is a sturdy surface against his back. Dream has him pinned to the wall and a large hand is creeping up his thigh, the hem of George’s skirt bunching by its wrist. George pushes against Dream again, this time even weaker, and Dream has the nerve to let out a low chuckle. George frantically looks around the area, worried about anybody that might pass by and accidentally catch them. In a half-assed attempt to calm him, Dream squeezes his thigh, which only causes George to grow more nervous.

“Dream,” he hisses, trying to spot a face or even a camera. “What are you doing?”

The literal answer would be leaving open-mouthed kisses down George’s neck, teasing the skin every now and then with his teeth, and leaving George breathless with want.

“Nothing you don’t want me to do,” is Dream’s actual response.

It’s whispered against George’s neck and then embedded into his skin by rows of teeth that clamp down onto the unblemished flesh. His tongue peeks out as well, swirling over any marks that burn, and George nearly slips down the wall he’s cornered against.

Hips press flush against George’s and the hand massaging his inner thigh moves dangerously close to his hardening dick. George thrusts a hand down, stopping it from traveling any closer, and it complies, slithering to rest right above George’s thin socks instead. Two fingers single out to peel the accessory off of George’s skin and then let go at a distance that causes a sting when it snaps back.

“How about you let me repay the favor?” Dream whispers, trailing his lips down sloppily along the column of George’s neck until he’s hovering over the fading puncture holes. “That’s why you’re so worked up right? You miss me?”

His teeth press onto the old wound and George feels a wave of pleasure race up his body and crash all too quickly. He’s unable to prevent the moan that evades him and Dream smirks against the nape of his neck, satisfied with the clear answer.

“Fuck you,” George says shakily.

Dream twists his wrist, dancing it up George's inner thigh again, and dips his tongue into George's prominent collarbone. "Since you asked so prettily."

Without warning, both of Dream's hands cup the back of George's thighs and George feels himself being picked up like he weighs nothing. George's bag is forgotten on the ground, but neither of them pay attention to it, too ensnared by the tension building up between them again like a stack of jenga blocks ready to break with one lethal tug.

This is *bad*, George reasons, knowing that it'll only lead to more nights curled up in sadness. It's hard for him to deny Dream when he's got his lips working wonders on George's skin, but he has to try. There are bruises ready to bloom, bruises George will regret when Dream abandons him again, making him another name to stuff in his trophy case.

*I can't let this happen.*

"Stop," George manages to whisper, fingers quivering as they curl into Dream's shirt. "Dream, stop."

Dream pulls away, a confused frown etched onto his features. He looks concerned and George hates it because he knows that Dream doesn't really care. With another firm shove, George manages to silently tell Dream to let him down and Dream does.

*It's stupid*, George thinks, fighting off the tears that are about to fall from his eyes. He shouldn't be depending on Dream. He's not a damsel in distress. He doesn't *need* Dream.

He'd tricked himself into thinking he did. He'd tricked himself into longing to see Dream and hearing his stupid laugh. He made himself vulnerable, misguided by hope and the promise of a friendship (or something more) that was too good to be true, and he was torn open, ripped from the very person he thought could make him whole. Abandoned without an explanation, punished without a reason. George had felt when the string connecting them snapped, leaving him lost and alone.

And yet he was never alone. Even now, even weeks after being forgotten, George can feel the gravitational pull Dream has on him. There are threads, threads that are thin, but capable of scarring. Threads that George had given Dream control of. Threads that he swung from like a puppet.

It'll be a funny story to tell when he's older, how a stupid blow job had let to a heartbreak, but right now it hurts just like any other sob story.

"I don't need you," George mutters quietly, but he falls forward into Dream's arms like he does. "This is your fault," he continues, venom seeping into his words even through his weariness. "This is all your fault," he repeats, hiding his face in Dream's chest when he feels a prickling sensation in his eyes. Tears catch onto his long lashes and then dampen Dream's shirt. "I hate you."

There's a few seconds of nothing but heavy breathing, then very quietly, Dream whispers.

"I know."

"You have to talk to him," Karl sighs, wiping George's tears away with his sleeve for the third time that night.

George feels pathetic, leaning into Karl's arms like he's done all week. Next to them, Alex is scrolling through his phone, trying to find something fun for them to do tonight so that George can get his mind off things. It's been this way every Friday for the last month and a half.

Funny how time flies when you're mourning what was never yours to lose.

Dream had left him alone per his request. No more childish bickering in the hallways, no more playful glares across the room, in fact, more than just ignoring each other, they've begun to pretend they don't *know* each other. This is what George had essentially asked for, he's aware, but that doesn't mean he's not upset.

He doesn't understand why Dream listening to him for the first time in ages is filling him with such anguish.

They weren't even friends, let alone partners, and yet George always stops himself from unblocking Dream's number in the middle of the night and sending him a poorly written apology text like an obsessive ex-boyfriend. Last night, he'd nearly gone through with it, but Karl had barged in to stop him. Him and his spidey senses, or so he calls it.

"Here, this club's open until 4am," Alex says, turning his phone around so that Karl and George can see. "Pretty sure Callahan's mom just bought this one which means free refills."

George grabs the phone out of Alex's hand, squinting at the screen and then scrolling down to read the reviews. It seems worthy, but he's still skeptical. The last time he went clubbing, he was charged extra simply based on the jewels decorating his fingers. It's not like he can't afford it, but even rich people have to be wise with their money. However, if Callahan's family owns the place, then he knows that they'll be generous. If not, he's sure a kiss on the cheek will make Callahan jump hurdles to give George the service he desires.

He nods once, the affirmation weak, but enough for Alex to rejoice. "Fucking finally, dude!"

Carefully, Karl detaches himself from George and then stands up, stretching out his cramped up limbs. "I'm gonna take a shower and get ready. Meet you two in half an hour?"

Alex follows him to the door with a laugh, tossing a look over his shoulder to glance at George who remains idle on his bed. "Knowing Gogy, it might take longer."

The nickname offends George because only *Sapnap* calls him that, so just how close have three of them gotten? George flips them off as they leave his room and then turns to face his mirror, scowling at his reflection. He looks like every teenager after a messy breakup: puffy eyes, swollen lips, and tear stains standing out on rosy cheeks. George has never been a big fan of makeup because he's not that good at it, but maybe he'll indulge himself with some tonight. Just to feel that extra bit prettier.

Lazily, he swings his legs off his bed and then stands up. The shirt he's wearing is Dream's, the same one from way back when; much like the necklace, he just hasn't had a chance to return it. Speaking of the necklace, Dream had forgotten to take that off of his hands too. George thinks that's a perfect example of just how stupid Dream is because it's a fucking *heirloom* for crying out

loud and it's probably centuries older than both of them.

With a grunt, he peels the shirt off of his body, dragging his hand down the pale expanse of his torso. There's marks upon marks on his skin, left by people that aren't Dream, but lacking substitutes for him. George presses his fingers down on the bruises, hissing when some of them elicit pain. He wonders if Dream would be this rough.

Shrugging off the thought, George walks over to his closet, swinging it open to examine his options. Picking an outfit usually takes him a considerably large amount of time, but today he knows just what he's looking for.

A simple mini dress in black because it matches his midnight irises and brings out the rosy hue of his cheeks and the tempting pink glow of his go-to lip gloss. It hugs his frame tightly, accentuating the curves of his hips, and the thin straps draw attention to his narrow shoulders and pretty collarbones. His legs are shaved, but he tugs on black thigh-highs as well because he likes the way they feel.

Honestly, on second thought, he doesn't need to do makeup. He looks amazing with the outfit alone, but he's already made up his mind to look extra alluring tonight and so he *will* walk the extra mile.

Jet black eyeliner to make his eyes look sharper, a light amount of blush to add onto his natural one, and pink gloss to make his lips pop. Simple, but deadly, and perfectly fitting.

He looks like a treat.

Surprisingly enough, he's the first one ready which gives him ample time to pick out his shoes. Heels would be the most obvious answer, but he'd rather not have his mood ruined later in the evening by sore feet. After heavy contemplation, he decides that converse platforms don't hurt the effectiveness of his outfit.

The final touch is accessory.

George slips on a few rings and a silver bracelet that's far too big for his wrist, but compliments his skin tone. He thinks that's the end of it, but a quick look in the mirror makes him feel empty. His neck is unattended to, bare and bland.

The thought comes to mind before he can block it out.

Carefully, he picks up Dream's necklace and holds it against his neck. He turns, side to side, examining how it works with the rest of his outfit and if it's worth wearing.

It is.

George chews on his lower lip, turning the pendant around between two fingers. Well, just because he hates Dream, doesn't mean he can't use what belongs to him, right? It's never stopped him before, why should it be any different now? Besides, if Dream isn't going to take it back, it might as well be George's.

George snaps the clasps together around the back of his neck.

The world likes to play cruel tricks on him, or so George has learned.

It's a full moon tonight and that alone is enough to terrify him. Dream had said he'd talked to Sam about things and nothing has proved otherwise up until now, so realistically, George shouldn't have anything to be afraid of. Yet, something about tonight just feels off.

It starts when they arrive at the club and the person to greet them isn't Callahan, but Sapnap. Because if Sapnap is here, that means Dream is here, and surely Karl and Alex had taken the extra precaution of warning Sapnap not to come to this one spot tonight.



“Trust me, I tried to say no, but Callahan insisted,” Sapnap says when Karl almost talks his ear off for showing up. “I’ll keep an eye on my boys so they don’t disturb you. You guys enjoy your night.”

He salutes with two fingers once he’s escorted them safely inside and then George watches him disappear into the crowd, only to reappear on the other end of the room where a group of boys are gathered. They’re all unmistakably from the football team and George hates that he spots Dream first (at record time). His hair is slicked back with gel and he’s wearing a black, button up shirt. George can’t see the rest of the outfit, but he doesn’t need to, he can tell Dream looks sickeningly dashing as always.

“Oh no,” Alex says, walking in front of George and tiptoeing to block his view. “No, no, *no*. Snap out of it, George Davidson. We are here to have *fun* and fun we are going to have.”

It turns out ‘fun’ is no different from every other time they go clubbing. Karl and Alex get drunk before George can even meet them halfway and they’re slipping and sliding with every step. George considers catching up to them, but he’d rather have two people puking into their toilet later instead of three.

“He’s not even all that!” Alex slurs his words together, flipping off the ceiling where Dream’s imaginary head is looming over them. George stifles a snort, holding his arm out so that Alex doesn’t crash over. “Fuck him!”

“Yeah,” Karl pipes in, slipping halfway off his chair and lazily readjusting himself in it again. “Fuck him! But not literally, Georgie, you are *so* much better than that.”

“So much better! You’re smoking hot!”

A smile appears on George’s face. It’s a little silly to watch them giggle at nothing in particular and hiccup with every word, but George knows this is part of the plan to make him happy. Even with copious amounts of booze and no grasp on their surroundings or their thoughts, Karl and Alex still manage to be the best friends he could ever ask for.

Callahan comes to check on them after some time and George almost drops to his knees, begging for him to get someone else to take care of his friends tonight because he really *does* need to get his mind off things. Thankfully, Sapnap is more than willing to take them home.

“You sure you don’t want me to drive you back too?” Sapnap asks, effortlessly holding both Karl and Alex up with an arm each whereas George was struggling to stop them from falling earlier. “Can’t imagine it’ll be much fun without your besties.”

“I’ll be fine,” George shrugs and he doesn’t miss the way Sapnap’s eyes flicker down to his necklace. “Thanks, Sapnap, I owe you one,” he smiles curtly and then turns around, walking away before Sapnap can question anything.

The walk ends up being a big circle around the dance floor, squeezing through sweaty bodies and slapping away curious hands before he finds his way back to the bar. While he loves a night of dirty dancing and seducing handsome strangers, that’s not what he’s looking for tonight. Tonight, he’s looking for someone charming to talk to and maybe he’ll allow that someone to take him home, but only on the promise that they let him stay in the morning.

Don’t get him wrong, he’s not looking for a relationship, just a temporary fix.

The bartender is kind to him, offering him sweet mixtures and also glasses of water so that he doesn’t wind up drunk off his ass. George thinks he can get used to this. Maybe he’ll revisit this club next time. Depends on how good his hunting goes for tonight. Surprisingly enough, nobody’s caught his eye yet. George isn’t *that* picky. He can appreciate relatively good looks when he sees it, but maybe it’s because his views are skewed tonight with Dream in the room. Dream who makes even professional models look average.

Speaking of that spawn of Satan, when George’s eyes drift to the dance floor, he instantly catches sight of Dream getting dragged by a girl he doesn’t recognize. She’s probably not from their university, a nameless stranger bold enough to take her shot. Dream doesn’t seem like the type to decline a pretty face anyway, typical jock behavior. George doesn’t hate his kind for no reason.

They’re pressed together as soon as they find a big enough space in the crowd. George can hardly see anything because of the amount of people between him and them, but Dream is tall and George doesn’t have to crane his neck to see his facial expressions. His lips are tugged up into a snarky grin, eyes half-lidded as he looks down at his partner. George nearly breaks the glass he’s holding when that expression turns into one of bliss.

“Rough night?”

George startles at the deep voice that barely introduces itself over the booming speakers. He turns to his left and is met with a grey shirt. His eyes drag up slowly, higher and higher, until he sees a face that’s strikingly handsome. He’s tall, maybe even taller than Dream, and he’s got a mess of

brown curls resting on his head that are long enough to tie up.

“Yeah, something like that,” he says breathlessly and the stranger laughs, his round glasses slipping down the bridge of his nose.

“Wilbur,” the man introduces. “And could I get your name, beautiful?”

The nickname makes George flush easily and he can’t help but smile, “George.”

Wilbur takes the seat next to him on the bar, waving the bartender over and ordering two drinks for the pair of them. George rushes to tell him that everything he gets is free, but Wilbur shakes his head, saying that he wants to treat George to a drink anyway.

“You’ve been kind enough to spare me your attention,” Wilbur chuckles. “The least I could do is treat you to a drink.”

He sounds friendly and welcoming and while that’s not what George was looking for tonight, friendships made in bars are interesting and hard to come by, so he humors it.

“You’re British,” George says in awe, leaning forward to hear Wilbur better.

Wilbur chuckles and inches even closer until George can nearly count the amount of lashes bracketing his eyes. George marvels at the sight. Wilbur has a rare pair of heterochromia eyes: one that’s a shade of brown prettier than his own and another that’s an ocean blue, George’s favorite color.

“Between you and me, the accent’s fake,” Wilbur mumbles and George squints at him, rightfully skeptical because he’s never heard an American get the accent down just right. Wilbur chuckles at the concern that appears on George’s face, “Just kidding. I was born in England and moved here when I was really young. Father got a business offer, same ol’ rich kid sob story. Accent’s just stuck around.”

“I’m the same,” George is eager to inform, a smile of disbelief appearing on his face. “Father decides to suddenly move us to a whole new country without asking me or my mother. Mother’s devastated, by the way-”

“And packs all her favorite tea first,” Wilbur finishes and George grins, leaning back to rest against the bar. “Well, George, it seems like we have a bit in common.”

George laughs and then brings his glass up to his lips as he watches Wilbur take a sip of his own drink. Even the drink Wilbur has chosen for them is to his liking: sweet with a tangy aftertaste. For the first time in a while, George feels light and carefree; he feels like himself.

George thinks he could get used to this.

Their conversation glides smoothly from topic to topic and the longer George stays in Wilbur’s company, the more he grows fond of him. He forgets that somewhere in the same room, the reason behind his weeks of sorrow is drinking in similar joy with a blurry face. That’s a good thing, though. Dream doesn’t deserve whatever hold he’s had over George and George deserves more than someone who sees him as just a pretty boy.

“Noise is killing me,” Wilbur admits, placing his empty glass down on the counter and tossing his head back. George watches him run a hand through his hair. “Sorry, I’m not a fan of loud settings. I was dragged here by my friends.”

“Loud noises irritate me too,” George replies, absentmindedly playing with the hem of his dress. “I should’ve left when my friends did, but I wanted to get my mind off things.”

Wilbur’s hand reaches over, sliding on top of George’s, and his fingers fall perfectly in the gaps between. George glances up curiously and Wilbur offers him a sweet smile. George decides then that making new friends definitely beats pining over idiots.

“I know other ways you could do that,” Wilbur says, the smile turning into a cheeky grin. “Late night slushies from 7/11, what do you think?”

George makes the mistake of leaning back a little too far when he laughs and his eyes align with Dream’s. Even from across the room, they pierce through George, causing his breath to stutter. George maintains it for a second, notices the way Dream no longer has a girl hanging off his arm, and then almost snickers.

“I think,” George picks up where he’s left off, sliding off the chair with Wilbur’s hand still held in his own. “You are absolutely right. Lead the way, pal.”

“Pal?” Wilbur teases, carefully guiding George through the sea of people and to the backdoor of the club. “Who actually says that? I could do with ‘friend’ or even a cheery ‘buddio’, but *pal*? Yikes.”

The air is crisp and George regrets not bringing a jacket. He pulls his hand away from Wilbur’s, folding his arms over his chest to mimic a vest. Wilbur doesn’t seem to mind, too busy gently closing the door behind him. They’re in an alleyway and George’s intrusive thoughts are kind enough to remind him that this is quite literally the perfect place to murder someone.

Hopefully God isn’t cruel enough to make Wilbur a serial killer.

“How far is the shop?” George asks, turning around to face Wilbur. “Hopefully not too far. I have to get back at a reasonable time.”

“Won’t be a problem,” Wilbur replies dismissively, hands tucked away neatly in his coat’s pockets, and George furrows his eyebrows together, offering the man a confused smile. “That’s a nice necklace you have, George. Mind me asking where you got it?”

Before George can even register the question or recognize the amount of danger he’s put himself in, the door to the alleyway swings open again and the next second, he’s being jerked ruthlessly. Wilbur’s chest presses against his back and the taller man’s arm coils around George’s neck, long fingers gripping his jaw with murderous intent.

“One wrong move and I’ll snap his neck,” Wilbur sings softly.

Standing at the open door is no other than Dream, but surprisingly, he’s not alone. Punz and Callahan are behind him and their eyes are glowing just like Dream’s. George realizes then that he actually doesn’t know everyone as much as he lets on. Given this new information, he speculates that there must be more vampires at their university, but he can’t make any hunches as to who they are.

“You’re outnumbered,” Dream spits out, extending an arm. George winces when he feels Wilbur use his unoccupied hand reach around his front and dig into his waist. “Just let him go.”

Wilbur’s nails pierce George’s clothing and slowly inch into his skin. The pain sears through George and he feels his knees tremble, threatening to give away. The only thing holding him up is

Wilbur's grip around his neck and the fear that if he falls, Wilbur will drag his nails up, through his body, splitting him open.

"You're an idiot, d'you know that, Dream?" Wilbur scoffs. "Did you seriously think killing Sam would do anything? It's a declaration of war to kill a pack's alpha."

"He sent his men after us first," Dream argues, thrusting a hand out to stop Punz from moving any further when it looks like the latter is going to initiate an attack. "Don't do this, Wilbur."

"Or what?" Wilbur asks and his nails dig deep enough to elicit a scream of pain out of George.

Blood trickles down George's leg, staining his clothes and the ground underneath him. The smell makes him nauseous, but the pain and loss of blood are going to cause him to pass out before anything. White freckles are already beginning to hinder his vision.

"You're the last alpha in that pack, Wilbur," Dream warns, taking a step forward. "If you die, your entire pack is gone, you know that."

Wilbur's fingers let up, slightly pulling out of George's body, only to re-enter with a newfound anger that has George writhing in pain. "It's the full moon," Wilbur says with a haughty chuckle. "Tell me, Dreamie, you brought those two with you because you're weak, aren't I right?"

George barely manages to refocus his gaze on Dream who has his lips pursed to the side. Punz and Callahan exchange a glance and then Punz whispers something into Dream's ear which the blonde ignores in favor of taking a few more steps forward.

"I'm right," Wilbur laughs in disbelief. "You look a little pale, Dream. Haven't been drinking blood, have you? What's wrong? Nothing quite cuts it like George's blood, does it?" George freezes when Wilbur leans in, pressing his nose against the crook of his neck. "I mean, I can't blame you. He smells delicious."

"I'll kill you, Wilbur, I swear to god," Dream promises, hands forming trembling fists at his side.

"That's cute. I've been alive for centuries more than you, newblood," Wilbur raises an eyebrow and grins arrogantly. "But don't worry, Dream, I won't eat him," he sneers and then he leans in so close, George can feel his breath tickle the lobe of his ear.

*“You will.”*

Wilbur digs his fingers in a little deeper and then with a giggle, he tears his hand straight through George. The pain is numbing and George falls forward immediately, coughing out blood. Black spots form in his vision, replacing the white ones from earlier, and George thinks this is it. This is when he dies. He can’t feel anything but the trickle of blood down his legs.

With his impaired vision, he sees Wilbur take off, Punz and Callahan right behind him and he’s barely able to hear the receding footsteps. It takes everything in him to lift his head up. Dream is scrambling towards him, on his knees with worry splattered across his countenance.

“Fuck,” Dream says faintly, shaky hands reaching out to pull George’s upper body onto his lap. He’s weak, weaker than George has ever seen him, and George feels a tinge of worry spark in his chest.

George’s vision flickers slowly between Dream’s face and complete darkness, but even in the abyss, he sees the glimmer of hunger in Dream’s eyes.

Dream’s clearly fighting it, jaw clenched in restraint. His fangs have come out against his will and dig sharply into his own bottom teeth, drawing blood that drips down and mixes with George’s. George shifts slightly to get a better look at him and the movement brings with it a jolt of pain. He thinks he feels another gush of blood spill from his injury and it appears that he’s right because he gets yanked up carelessly by Dream.

Dream is almost unrecognizable, presenting his sharp fangs to George by hissing in an almost animalistic manner. George has never, not once, felt at danger around Dream; that is until now. His eyes have lost any trace of the human that resides within him, his morals dying with it, and the only thing controlling him is pure instinct.

And yet George doesn’t feel scared. It’s almost the opposite: he embraces the limit that Dream is inching at slowly. Maybe it’s because it doesn’t matter—he’s going to die anyway, regardless of the medium—but something tells George it’s more than that. When Dream’s grip on him tightens and there’s a flicker of recognition, a sliver of *Clay* that cries for clarity, George realizes that if he *has* to die early, this is the way he wants to go.

Dream pushes him away the next time he suppresses his primitive desires and dashes back, slamming against the brick wall on the other side of the alley. Even with Death ghosting it’s

fingers down George's body, inviting him to an eternal sleep, George's concern for Dream wins and he struggles to keep his eyes open.

Dream has a hand covering his mouth, fingers digging into his skin so hard, the nails have broken through his sun-kissed skin. The vein on his neck is bulging and beads of sweat are plastering lone strands of hair against Dream's forehead. Dream turns around, banging his fist against the wall, and coughs like the scent of George's blood is poisoning him. George watches Dream's legs tremble as he reaches up with both hands to pull at his own hair.

"It's okay," he croaks out quietly, eyes falling shut, "Dream, it's okay. Have me."

Dream takes another second to recollect himself before scurrying back over to George and dragging his upper body onto his lap again. He tugs his shirt off, ripping the buttons in the process, and rolls it up before pressing it onto George's open wound. The makeshift bandage does nothing to stop the bleeding and George thinks it's pointless for Dream to try and save him.

"Shut up," Dream pleads.

George wants to tell him it's alright, wants to convince him that he'd rather have Dream take him than bleed out uselessly in a dirty alleyway, but he's too weak.

In the next second, he feels the familiar concoction of pain and pleasure flood into him.

With the last bit of strength George has left, he raises an arm, hand coming down to caress golden locks that are stiff with gel. George wants to see Dream one last time, but he can't find the power to crack his eyes open again, and he thinks that even if he did, he would be met with darkness.

He's slipping.

The last thing George can really register is something warm pressed against his lips and a sudden winter chill.



Death is a lot more comfortable than George had initially imagined. A little too comfortable, in fact.

And then he feels like he's on fire.

George snaps awake, the pain crashing through him over and over again. It feels like every inch of his body is being doused in boiling hot water while lava swims inside of him, burning him inside out. He thrashes violently, the blanket covering him flying across the room as he sits up and tries to bear with the pain that's eating him alive.

*Alive.*

"Hey!" A familiar voice shouts and finally, the faintest bit of light enters the room when the door opens. "George! George, stop!"

The first thought that enters George's mind is to kill whoever it is that's in front of him, but when he pushes himself off the bed with the intent to do so, he's slammed back down onto it. He fights as hard as he can, fueled by the pain that pricks his skin and a new haze that clouds his sense of reason, but the person above him refuses to budge.

"It's me! It's Clay!"

George falters for a second, senses returning to him as he makes out the blurry face above him. Dream offers him a smile at the first flash of recognition that appears on George's countenance, but their moment is short-lived. The hellfire returns and George squeezes his eyes shut, tossing his head back and arching his body off the sheets.

"What did you *do* to me?" He cries out in frustration, kicking his legs in a futile attempt to push

Dream away.

He hears Dream sigh and then feels himself being pulled up. A strong arm wraps around his waist and a hand lands on the back of his head, firmly guiding him forward. George's face meets the smooth curve where Dream's neck connects to his shoulder and a jolt of excitement courses through him.

"Go ahead, I've got you," Dream whispers, stroking George's hair gently to calm the brunet down.

George sinks his teeth into Dream's skin.

The feeling is euphoric. The blood that rushes past his lips and enters his body feels like cold water on a summer day. It drips like a waterfall down the corners of George's mouth, messy from inexperience, and George mourns every drop he misses. Dream guides him through it, tells George when to take more and when to take less, pulls him off when necessary, and then pushes him back when he can't fight his own hesitance.

George thinks he'll never have enough of this.

It takes a few more convincing nudges from Dream until he lets his resistance fall, devouring the man that's cradling him in his arms. His tongue peeks out to lap at the excess blood that drips down Dream's neck and pools in his collarbones. When he's licked the younger boy clean, he punctures a new wound into a different patch of skin, or maybe it's the same, he can't tell since the injuries heal quickly.

When the fire inside him subsides and the splitting headache fades, George pulls away, his head limply falling onto Dream's shoulder.

"Enough?" Dream whispers gently, rubbing circles on George's back. "Bad will be back with bags in a bit. You're gonna have to deal with my bitter taste for now, love."

George lolls his head back, looking up at Dream with confusion and fear. "W- What's happening to me?" he asks tiredly, the taste of Dream's blood still lingering on his tongue and causing him to stutter. "Dream?"

Dream shushes him with a hum, carefully laying George back down on the bed. It's Dream's bed,

George now realizes, and the clothes he's wearing are Dream's clothes. He's close to nodding off when Dream carefully shakes him awake, holding his shirt in one hand to dab away the bloody mess around George's mouth. George tilts his chin up, making Dream's job easier, and then frowns when he sees the scar on Dream's chest.

He lifts a hand and splays out his fingers over the mark, tracing the outline. It's faint, but big enough to not go unnoticed. George's gut twists with concern.

"Don't worry about that," Dream mumbles, dragging the shirt down George's neck to wipe the stains there. "It's nothing."

"It's definitely something," George frowns. "You didn't have this before. When did you get it?"

Dream is about to brush the topic off again, but George grabs Dream's wrist with his left hand, stopping him from busying himself with cleaning George up. Their eyes meet and although he's beyond fatigued, George refuses to lose their stare down.

"Fighting Sam," Dream admits with a sigh after a few more seconds of silence. "Injuries from a pack's alpha leave a mark."

George reels back, "You fought Sam?" And then it comes back to him. Wilbur, Wilbur's anger, Wilbur's words. "You *killed* Sam?"

"Had to," Dream replies, his gaze fidgety. "He was gonna hurt you. Killed Wilbur too."

George stares at him with pure shock, letting go of Dream's wrist and carefully pushing himself up into a sitting position. He leans back against the surplus of pillows while he processes the new information. "But you," he trails off. "You said it was a misunderstanding."

"I lied," Dream confesses through grit teeth. Both of his hands land on his lap and he twiddles with his thumbs. "I didn't want you to worry. That's why I kept telling Sapnap not to say anything," he continues quietly. "I asked Alyssa to keep an eye on Sam for weeks and to contact us when it was the best time to attack. That's why I left so abruptly that day. I didn't really have a choice."

The guilt that George feels is immense. Here he was speculating that Dream had thought nothing of him when really, he was putting his life on the line to save him. Yet, even with this knowledge,

George can't erase that weird sense of betrayal that prods irritatingly at the back of his head. Because if all this was true—and he knows it's true because he can tell Dream isn't lying—why did Dream push him away after the threat was subdued?

"I know what you're thinking," Dream mumbles, finally being able to meet George's gaze. "I tried to pretend like nothing happened." George nods once, affirming Dream's guess. "Not my smartest decision, clearly, but I want you to know that I did that for you."

"For me?" George scoffs airily. "How was it for me?"

"You never wanted any of this," Dream replies, one hand curling around his nape to rub at it sheepishly. "It was my ignorance that brought you into this mess and so, I thought the best thing would be to just.. go back to normal. You said you hated me, so—"

"I do hate you," George asserts.

"Right, well, because you hate me, I thought things would be better off that way," Dream finishes off, letting his hand fall back down onto his lap.

That's that, George assesses. Dream has nothing more to say—not that there really *is* anything left to say, but George was hoping for something more. He's not sure what 'more' entails, but the lack of it diminishes that flicker of hope inside of him until darkness washes over. A new kind of darkness; one that reeks of defeat.

Dream had thought George wanted to return to what they were prior to all of this.

But you can't exactly *return* to being enemies after a near-death experience and messy blowjobs. At least George can't. Maybe it's different for Dream. Maybe he's had his fair share of mistakes—slip ups, poor calculations, or whatever else he wants to call it—and this is practiced behavior for him, but for George, this is it. This is what defines his life and makes it different from all the other spoiled rich kids that live in his neighborhood.

Now, of course it's not Dream's responsibility to continue making George feel special. In fact, there are a plethora of ways George could be "special" that don't involve him kissing death and are a lot more rewarding publicly.

But George only wants this. He only wants to be special if it's with Dream. He only wants to be special *for* Dream.

Twisted, really.

"I really hate you," George repeats, glaring daggers into Dream. He doesn't care if he's being unfair, "Come here."

Dream tilts his head in confusion and carefully scoots closer, leaning in when George curls a finger at him. Their noses brush against one another and Dream's eyebrows raise in understanding. George watches him search for permission, taking in George's facial expression and then blatantly staring at George's lips.

"Was it fun for you?" George asks, each word leaving his lips and falling onto Dream's. He moves a hand up, cupping Dream's jaw roughly, "Did you like using me?"

Dream rolls his tongue past his lips and George feels it prod his bottom lip briefly, the distance making it impossible for that to be avoidable. He parts his lips almost expectantly and Dream chuckles, his own hand coming up to rest over George's before dragging it down, ridding George of his pathetic little pile of power.

"I did," Dream says with a satisfied smirk. George is affronted, but before he can interrupt, Dream continues, "But not in the way you're thinking."

When Dream's lips meet George's this time around, it's a lot rougher than their first kiss. It's more experienced, but less expected and filled with emotions that are unsaid rather than unprepared. George feels his chest burn with want and in a weak attempt to satiate it, he seeks Dream's cold touch by pressing their torsos together. Dream's hands find their way to George's hips and George has no obligations when he's lifted effortlessly and planted onto Dream's lap. His response is to just kiss Dream harder, entangle his fingers in blonde curls, and encase the prominent hip bones between his plush thighs.

Dream is the first to pull away, though it doesn't last for long. They gasp for air, breaths mingling in between, and then resume kissing as if they'll never be able to again. The second time is smoother, more languid and less hurried. Their noses press against one another uncomfortably when Dream tries to tease George by biting down on his lower lip and George drowns an amused giggle into the kiss, breaking apart so that they can share the glee.

Dream lifts a hand up, long fingers fixing George's messy fringe, and George smiles in appreciation. It's a smile that Dream stares at for a considerable amount of time before mirroring with extra fondness.

"There is not a moment when I wasn't thinking about you."

George's breath hitches at Dream's confession and he suddenly becomes all too aware of the position that he's in right now. He's straddling Dream on Dream's bed wearing Dream's clothes. Dream is here, in front of him, with his arms wrapped loosely around him.

And Dream is staring at him like he's never seen anything more beautiful.

"You asked me why I wouldn't stop bothering you," Dream whispers, cupping George's cheek and brushing his thumb over the supple flesh. "You know that saying.. when a boy tugs on a girl's pigtails, it means he likes them?"

George scrunches his nose up because *yes*, of course he knows that phrase, but it's silly that Dream would apply it to their situation because it implies a lot of things and-

"Well, you didn't exactly have pigtails, so I had to get creative," Dream laughs, impishly blowing a puff of air right at George's bangs and counteracting his ministrations from earlier. "I guess it just stuck through the years."

George's train of thoughts come to a screeching halt (and then veer off the track and fall over). All that's left in his head is a blank space quickly filling in with question marks that pop up more vigorously as time passes by. He lifts a finger, like he has something to say, and then curls it back into his palm because *what on Earth is he supposed to say?*

Dream chuckles quietly and then leans in, pressing a gentle kiss to George's forehead, "I've always liked you."

And suddenly George knows *exactly* what to say. The *perfect* thing to say. The only thing he really *can* say.

"Doesn't make you any less of a pain in the ass."

Dream doubles over laughing, head falling onto George's shoulder as his entire body shakes. The wheeze that George used to find incredibly vexing now sounds endearing and George's face twitches weirdly when he tries to fight away a grin. They stay like that for a while, Dream dying of laughter in his arms and George telling him that it really isn't that funny, until there's a knock at the door.

An unfamiliar face stands in the doorway and George pokes Dream in the arm gently. Dream lifts his head up and peeks over his shoulder. His neck flushes a shade that George can't really make out, something like a light brown—so maybe pink—and he clears his throat awkwardly.

"Oh, thanks, Bad," Dream says, unwrapping an arm from George's waist to extend a hand for whatever it is that Bad's handing over to him.

Bad looks enamored by the sight and George shyly tries to hide behind Dream because he feels extremely exposed, despite being fully clothed. Dream is the same, trying to quietly usher the unfamiliar man out once he's grabbed ahold of what he needs, but Bad continues to inspect them with eager curiosity.

"Is this the boy you always talk about, Dream?" Bad asks curiously, grin inching wider with each second that passes. "Oh, you're right, he *is* super pretty!"

"*Bad*," Dream whines with an embarrassed huff and George melts at how flustered he's become. He makes a mental note to ask Bad about more information on this topic later.

"Aw, alright, I'll leave you two lovebirds alone," Bad sighs, placing his hands on his hips and reverting to the initial reason for his intrusion. "I got George enough to last through the teething phase."

*Teething phase?* George blinks twice and Bad catches his confused glance.

"Your fangs still need to fully develop," Bad explains and then his gaze returns to Dream. "I also got you a treat. It's an O negative because that's your favorite—well, other than George's blood, like you said—don't drink it too fast or you'll get hiccups. Same goes for you, George."

Dream perks up, a big smile replacing the frown previously on his face, "Really, really? You got it?" He wraps his arms around Bad's waist, uncaring of how his body twists awkwardly to

accommodate for the eager hug. “Thank you, thank you, thank you, Bad!”

George thinks he could die on the spot.

Bad laughs, rolling his eyes affectionately and mouthing the words ‘big baby’ so that only George can see. George stifles a giggle with the back of his hand.

“You’re welcome,” Bad says, ruffling Dream’s golden locks until they form an even messier mop on his head. “Now I have to go help Skeppy with some weird potion he’s brewing. Text me if you need anything okay?”

He pulls himself away from Dream and then with a small wave, he’s gone.

“Potion?” George asks when Dream’s attention returns to him.

“Warlock,” Dream mumbles and then fiddles with the bag in his hands. He punctures the top with a straw before handing it to George, “Drink up. You’ll feel more energized.”

George brings the straw to his lips, holding his bag in both hands before taking a cautious sip.

Delicious is an understatement when it comes to describing the liquid that caresses his taste buds. It’s lush and just the right temperature of warm, like a rich cup of tea. After the first tentative sip, George is drinking from the bag like it’s his life source, growing hungrier and hungrier with each drop that lands on his tongue. When he finishes the majority of it, he squeezes the bag, trying to get out every last drop of blood, and then whines in dissatisfaction at the ecstatic feeling being over.

(He also hiccups.)

“How honorable, stealing blood from the people who need it,” Dream recites, word for word, and George mimics him childishly before huffing.

“T ouché .”



Dream stares at him with a cheeky grin, lips wrapped around his own straw. His bag reads “O-”, just as Bad has promised, and George turns his own bag around to read the flavor he was given. It’s a B+.

“I wanna try yours,” he demands, placing the empty bag down and outstretching his hand toward the younger boy.

Dream blinks twice and then narrows his eyes, “No.”

“Give me it.”

“It’s mine.”

*“Dream.”*

*“George.”*

George huffs unnecessarily loud and then folds his arms over his chest, an action that Dream copies with one arm to tease him. Their staring contest—or rather: *glaring* contest—goes on for a few more seconds until George pushes his lower lip into a sour pout. Dream gives him a look that practically spells defeat, calling George something along the lines of a filthy cheater, but plucks the bag out of his hand and holds it out for George.

“Maybe I should’ve left you to die if you were going to end up stealing my food,” Dream jokes as George happily takes a few sips out of Dream’s snack. George knows Dream doesn’t mean it, but to spite him, he takes an extra long sip right before handing it back to Dream.

George’s tongue peeks out to lap at the blood that smears on the corner of his mouth, “Yum.”

Dream traces the movement with his eyes and to tease him further, George drags his tongue over the top row of his teeth, pushing gently against his plush upper lip. Dream scoffs at the action and then petulantly turns his head to the side, eliciting a laugh out of George. His cheeks betray his act of nonchalance.

“You’re okay with this, right?” Dream suddenly asks, shoulders rising in anticipation of George’s reply. “I just..” Dream trails off and chews on his lower lip, choosing his next words wisely. He exhales through his nose, waiting a few more seconds to decide if he really wants to say what’s on his mind.

The sentence is a sorry excuse for a whisper, “I couldn’t lose you.”

George scrutinizes his features with skepticism. He can hear the sincerity in Dream’s voice, but his weeks worth of worries have formed a vice-like grip on him and he needs the extra ounce of reassurance. Dream’s heartbeat races, but doesn’t stutter in the way it would when caught in a lie, and George dares to think that Dream seems shy.

His silence seems to ignite fear in Dream and the blonde rushes to add on, “There’s ways to change back. You’d just have to-” he hesitates, “You’d just have to kill me.”

*That* makes George laugh. The irony of it all, really. A few weeks ago, George would have already been plotting the perfect murder plan, outlining the pros and cons of each scenario. In fact, he might’ve been one push away from killing Dream even without this new information. At least that was surely the case up until they became dependent on one another.

Now he can’t even think about hurting Dream without flinching and the thought of anyone *else* hurting Dream fills him with a new kind of anger.

“I think you’re a prick,” George shrugs, placing a hand on Dream’s cheek and lightly drumming his fingers against it. “But like I said, it would look *really* bad for me if the police found me with your blood all over my hands.”

Dream turns his head to face him and his boyish grin resurfaces. He places the blood bag down and curls both hands around George’s waist to drag him in close. George presses his forehead gently against Dream’s, staring at the golden flecks swirling in Dream’s eyes, and smiles affectionately.

“So, what does this mean, Weztekan?”

Dream tilts his chin up, brushing their noses against each other softly, “It means, Davidson, you’re stuck with me for an eternity.”

George laughs, eyes forming crescents and wrinkling at the edges, “Bummer.”

“Tell me about it,” Dream replies sarcastically.

They stare at one another in admiration silently, George counting the freckles on Dream’s face and Dream mapping the constellations in George’s eyes. Dream leans in first, eyes half-lidded and lips parted to whisper how beautiful George is. The dazed compliment lands tenderly on George’s lips and George’s response is a timid laugh.

Their lips meet kindly.

George slips his hands behind Dream’s neck and interlocks his fingers, using the grip as leverage to carefully draw them closer together whenever he decides he needs more. Dream is just as needy, one hand remaining firm on George’s hip and the other rubbing soothing circles onto the small of George’s back, pushing every now and then if they sway too far away from one another.

“I think I could get used to this,” Dream says when they pull away, snagging another quick peck off of George’s puckered lips. “It’s not like I’ve been waiting for years or anything.”

George moves one hand down, reaching behind him so that he can tug Dream’s hand back and then intertwine their fingers. He brushes his thumb over Dream’s knuckle absentmindedly and leans in to steal a kiss from the corner of Dream’s mouth.

“I think,” George mumbles, hiding his growing smile against Dream’s soft lips. “You have a favor to repay me.”

## End Notes

This was a really self-indulgent fic.

I didn't mean for it to get this long. I was honestly surprised when I hit the 15k mark and then somewhere around 20k I erased half the fic and rewrote it. Surprised we got this far! Fun fact: the first draft had 33,333 words.

Anyways, if you've made it this far: Congrats! And thank you so much for sticking around.

If you skimmed: still, thank you for reading!

This idea would not get out of my head for a while, but then I honestly started losing interest in it and normally when I lose interest in something, I move to another idea. However, I was already 55% in so I refused to let myself give up and this turned into a "how many lines that I've been thinking about writing can I add to this one fic" challenge.

Welp. Have a lovely day to whoever's reading this! Stay hydrated, eat well, and know that you are loved for and appreciated. :]

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